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A NOVEL AND SUCCESSFUL METHOD ADOPTED AS AN EXPERIMENT BY TWO OF THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF NEW YORK CITY.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

No New Year's turkey for the poor actors who have been barnstorming through the country this season. They are all "on their uppers."

The cowboys of Texas still laugh at their law and order foes. Three towns have been sacked since last reports and not a cowboy hanged.

PADDY RYAN had a rousing benefit at the Riak, in New York City, on Dec. 21, and showed himself in excellent form, ready for the earnest business he has on hand.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES' father is a tough old citizen of the old stock. At the age of ninety he made himself a frisky bridegroom for the new year, and is now enjoying a second honeymoon.

The old year was sent out with a terrific spasm of crime. Murder raged for the last fortnight of 1881, the metropolis ringing and getting more than her share of the bloody work, after the usual greedy fashion.

The Vanderbilt wedding was a very showy affair. Several papers of the metropolis are trying to inflame the poor working classes against the wealthy, and these shoddy shows of magnificence are like to aid them, greatly.

PROF. G. J. LENNOX, of Evansburg, Tenn., while drunk assaulted his wife and threatened her life with a pistol. At night a masked mob took him out of his house and beat him almost to death, cutting his flesh off in strips. The professor feels very "sore" about it.

The frisky members of the New York Stock Exchange had their usual hat smashing and rip-roaring jubilee on the eve of Christmas. The gray-beards were worse than the messenger boys for impish pranks on that occasion. It seems true, indeed, that the devil reigns in Wall street.

AND now that the photographers have had their whack, there is another relay of artists taking casts of Guiteau's head. The streets and shop windows will be full of them after the hanging. Isn't this Guiteau business a big bonanza! There's profit in the murder of a president, it seems—millions in it!

HAMPTON PRICE, a negro conjurer of Franklin, Va., took two dollars from a well-to-do old negro, in payment for a charm that was to win him the prettiest quadroon's love and find him a gold mine. The first wench the negro made love to set the dog on him and the second threw him out of the cabin window. So the old man threw the charm away and shot the necromancer dead.

THE crop of fools has been very large this year. Now the champion of the pack comes forward. A fellow named John A. Ingram, of Mount Union, Pa., who, on the 19th inst., put a can of dynamite on a hot stove to dry. John is missing. His atoms are floating around in limitless space. Not an eyelash was left to prove that such a person ever existed.

THE train robbers have run their course so long with immunity that the party who boarded a train near Kansas City one day last week and were summarily pitched off by the conductor and passengers, must have thought the world was coming to an end. Now the cowboys of the west require a little of the same sort, and they will not be so fresh in raiding towns and murdering people.

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, has been reviving old time customs at Frankfort with an old time quilting party, including the jigs, the reels, and the "possum and pig for supper. It was a first-class company of elite, however, and did not give a thoroughly realistic performance in the matter of free fights for the pretty girls, and rifle duels after the festivities in the genuine manner of "the good old times."

JACOB CRAMER, the father of Jennie, the victim of fast life in New Haven, Conn., died last week. The romantic say it was a broken heart. The doctors declare it consumption. He wrote a letter to his wife before retiring for the night, warning her he might die before morning. Putting this and that together some of the gossips will have it that it was neither romance, nor broken heart nor consumption, but a clear case of suicide by poison.

THE police of Toronto picked up the other day a drunken beauty of the demi-monde, who had on a \$600 dress, was decked in about \$5,000 worth of diamonds, and had money and other baubles and trifles about her to the value of nearly \$10,000. What a bonanza some of the light-fingered gentry missed there! She couldn't go on that kind of a spree in New York and get away with her "boodle." Not much!

ALL the papers are gushing about the financial and social tumble taken by an old white man named Doc Woods, who used to own a large plantation and droves of negroes near Lexington, Ky., and now resides with a wealthy negro, formerly one of his slaves, who managed to make a fortune after getting his freedom. What is there wonderful in that? The negro worked and the white man would not. That is what accounts for the milk in the coconut.

A MORMAN bishop, who has been enjoying a great reputation for curing invalids by the mere laying on of hands, had all the miracle taken out of him and all his reputation kicked to minute atoms at Salt Lake, one day last week. A miner had a sick mule that he wanted cured. The bishop laid on his hands and the mule revived and laid on his heels with such vigor that the bishop was laid up and the mule is laid out, dead. Miracles don't work when mules are in question.

COLORS circles in Kansas City are stirred up by the charge against D. A. N. Nero, a dandy dorky, principal of the Lincoln School, that the least of the offences he is guilty of is adultery. A certain clique of "mokes" has determined to end the airs of the eastern nigger. He has been assuming metropolitan airs, this Professor has, and being the first to introduce the new metropolitan "Too, too, utterly utter," in Kansas, must, of course, be made a victim, as all reformers and fashion leaders are.

THE train robbers are at it again. On the 15th a Southern Pacific train was boarded by a gang four miles from El Paso at 1 o'clock in the morning, the express car was cleaned out of \$1,200 and the passengers were compelled to give up \$600. The thieves politely

took their leave when they had made their haul and got clear off with their booty. There seems no remedy for these bold enterprises short of sending a regiment of troops and a section of artillery with each train. A tough old region is Texas, anyhow.

THE western and southern editors are on the furious rampage still. Last week, in the shooting and fighting, the southern editors had the call. Now the western quill-driver comes to the front. On the 16th inst., T. H. Harter, editor of the *Enterprise*, of Nevada, Ohio, got himself cowed by a Mr. Close for writing an editorial calling Close a "blear-eyed" something or other, and suggesting that as a sanitary measure for the neighborhood it was about time he should "drag his old carcass" up the golden stairs. Funny chaps these western journalists!

FORTY boys of ages ranging from 12 to 18 years have had a robbers' cave near Fresh Pond, L. I., for over a year. In this place they concealed the proceeds of their burglaries in Brooklyn. They called themselves the "Forty Robbers," and lived a gay life during the day, smoking cigarettes and dining on stolen chickens, potted meats and preserves filched from burglarized grocery stores, and during the night started out in bands to raid the peaceful metropolis. Three of the band have been caught and they have betrayed the rest. The police are now hunting the bandits.

ANOTHER pistoi crank. An old man by the appropriate name of Graves, shoots and kills a boy aged 18, named Edward Soden, in the streets of Newark, N. J., for making faces at him. He said he couldn't bear the chaffing and was called on to "remove" him. Wonder if they will be a couple of months trying this "crank," and if there will be any money in his photographs, or casts of his head, or pages of stenographic notes of his witty sayings in court? We rather guess not. That old man will be yanked instantler, because there's no money in him. If he had only killed a president now!

THE assassination of President Garfield has made at least three fortunes. First, the doctors got their work in and sent in a bill for over \$100,000, while meantime, with other things, a party who wanted to introduce a substitute for beef tea, which was fermented asses' milk, called Koumiss, got an advertisement that boomed his stock into a big sale; and now a firm of reporters is reporting the trial and taking stacks of notes and printing each day's proceedings in time for the inspection of the counsel the next morning. No wonder Guiteau's trial is prolonged; there is money in it all around.

THE regular winter crop of western divorces and scandal cases is sprouting up finely. There is a novelty in some of the immoralities practiced that is truly piquante and worthy of the devilish ingenuity of those fair but tricky ones of Chicago itself. Lewiston, Ill., bears off the palm thus far, however; with its Pray vs. Pray divorce suit. The stories each party tells against the other are something awfully novel, as well as extraordinarily shocking. If both parties were believed there never was such a thoroughly wicked and disgustingly depraved couple knotted together by a parson.

A POST-OFFICE employee at Mount Pleasant, Pa., named D. A. Keister, has been raking in large sums of money lately by a clever device. He would send out circulars to different parts of the country offering to sell bicycles worth \$200 for \$20 apiece. Those wishing to purchase were directed to enclose their money to W. A. Taylor, Post-Office, Laurelville, a few miles east of Mount Pleasant. The mails for Laurelville passed through his office at Mount Pleasant and he took care to abstract all the letters addressed to Taylor and appropriate the contents. He was caught last week by a decoy letter. His victims have lost their money, as they deserved to, but they will be avenged.

WOMEN'S PRANKS.

Latest Eccentricities and Peccadilloes of the Fast and Loose of the Fair Sex.

VIOLET CAMPBELL, the young London actress with whom Lefroy, the English railway murderer was in love and whom he claimed reciprocated his affection, is flooding the papers with cards of denial.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS, the actress, was arrested in New York last week on a charge of larceny preferred by her dressmaker. The actress received by a messenger boy a dress which she refused to either pay for or return, hence the action of the modists.

SILLY ELVA CHAPMAN, the young daughter of a New York photographer who eloped with one Hoffman, an employee of her father's, and a married man, was deserted by her lover in Philadelphia after he had spent the \$75 which she had taken along to pay the expenses of the elopement. She was forced to return to her father.

A CONNECTICUT woman advertises in the New York papers for a husband, saying she will give for an article to suit in temper, taste and physique, the sum of \$1,500 cash. She is a widow and has had experience, she states, and has the courage to consider the matter a purely business transaction, and not merely an affair of affection.

A WOMAN and a man were seen slyly entering the yard of a church in St. Louis at midnight on the 20th ult. The hour was midnight, and a prying gossip named Frederick Tompkins followed to spy on the pair. When he had got into the alleyway, the woman suddenly turned and leveling a revolver point blank shot him through the heart. She escaped with her companion, leaving no clew to her identity.

AN innocent-looking young servant girl kept her employer's family in a fright for six months, at Norwich, Conn., by ringing the door bell and wrapping on the windows at unseasonable hours. They were sure that a ghost was about, and it was only after watching for twelve nights that a detective solved the mystery. No reason was assigned for her strange conduct, other than that it was a case of "pure cussedness."

MRS. MARION L. DOW, of Philadelphia, has for some time been running a sumptuously furnished broker's office in Philadelphia. School teachers, literary and other women who think they are as smart or smarter in business than men have been her patrons. Miss Emily J. Emerson, a school teacher, had the broker arrested for fraud on the 20th inst., the young woman having sunk some three or four thousand dollars of her savings in the broker's office. This starts all the women speculators about the broker's ears, and there is blood on the moon of course.

MISS GEORGIE JONES and Miss Kate Lane had a street fight in Louisville, Ky., one night last week over the respective charms of two worthless young blonde chaps with whom they had gone to a ball at the Masonic Temple. Georgie insulted Kate's young fellow, and Kate asked her to step into the street and "have it out." She did, and the way those girls pulled hair, scratched faces, and stripped off costly ball dresses was a sight to see. The young fellows seconded their ladies. The interference of the police, however, made it a draw battle after all, after the war had waged ten minutes.

A GIRL who denies the genuineness of her beauty has been discovered by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. She was employed in an establishment where preparations for beautifying were sold. The writer describes her as "a glorious girl of 17 to 20, with a simply perfect figure, a beautiful face, a skin like alabaster, teeth of spotless white, soulful eyes, and a wealth of rippling golden hair." She coolly informed the caller that "her hair was lightened, that her teeth were whitened, that her eyes were brightened, that her complexion was heightened," besides various other improvements wrought by the wonderful articles there on sale. "I wondered," says the visitor, "what wages this beautiful creature demanded for denying the naturalness of her charms."

MRS. A. G. KNOBE, of Kansas City, whose husband, a travelling salesman, married a young grass-widow in Olathe, Kansas, two years ago, and abandoning his wife and children went to live with her in Cumberland, Ohio, learned of his whereabouts from a detective of the latter place a month ago, and went there on his invitation. The detective took her to a hotel, told her she had better be quiet because her husband had married a young woman whose mother was sick; that the mother aforesaid was on her death bed, and in her will had left Mr. Knobe \$10,000. If the first Mrs. K. would only wait she would get a share of this by asserting her rights. Meanwhile he was, it is alleged, blackmailing the husband. Finally the poor woman, having spent all her money, was obliged to return to Kansas City without accomplishing anything. She is still waiting for the mythical old woman to die, and the detective is juggling many trade dollars in his pocket.

A YOUNG and vain attorney of Pittsburg, Pa., was fooled beautifully one day last week by the keeper of a magnificent mansion where young ladies, both fast and loose, congregate. "Kittie" (that was her name) sent word to him on Monday last by two of her artful young ladies that she was taken suddenly ill, and they added artfully that it was love-sickness—that she was calling for him in her delirium, and that she would die if he did not fly to the house at once. He was fool enough to believe it, and rushed to the house to find the wicked one in bed, with a bogus doctor feeling her pulse and a crowd of girls around, and a lot of young fellows peeping in at the door while he made a consummate ass of himself. She broke the charm, after they had had all the fun they wanted with him, by springing out of bed, saying, "Why, you fool! Do you think any woman would die for you?" That lawyer has been laughed out of Pittsburg, and this week will hang out his shingle in New York.

MAY SOMERVILLE, a fast woman who keeps a bagnio in Columbus, Ohio, had her place "pulled" on the night of Dec. 17th under peculiar circumstances. Her friend was a man named Baker. In a gambling salon a "masher" named Drake bet him \$75 that he could "take May away from Baker. The wager was made. Baker privately sent a messenger to May, telling her to be firm and true to him and they would share the bet. Drake got to the house first and locked himself in the room with her. The messenger posted her through the key hole and she leaped out of the window clad in only a single undergarment and sought refuge at the gambling saloon, thus winning for her lover. The party adjourned to May's house where, in the height of their festivities, there appeared Nellie Ross, Baker's former girl, who presented a revolver at him and told him to choose her or die. He prudently chose her. Thereupon May pitches into Nellie and Nellie pitches into May. Grand row. Enter the police and—tableau.

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Plutarch states that a slow poison which occasioned heat, cough, blood spitting and consumption, with weakness of intellect, was administered to Aratus of Sicyon.

Theophrastus speaks of a poison prepared from Aconite which could be moderated in such a manner as to take effect in two or three months, or at the end of one or two years.

Thrasylus, he says, discovered a method of preparing from certain plants a poison which, given in small doses, occasioned an easy, yet certain death, but painless, and which could be retained a long time without causing even weakness. This poison was much used at Rome two hundred years before the Christian era.

At a later period a woman named Locusta prepared secret poisons, and at the instigation of Nero, by their means she destroyed Britannicus, the son of Agrippina.

The Carthaginians seem also to have practiced the art of secret poisoning, and to have administered some deadly potion to Regulus, the Roman General.

The principal poisons known to the ancients were prepared from plants, and particularly from Hemlock, Aconite and Poppy, or from animal substances, and especially from the sea hare. With this, Titian is said to have been dispatched by Domitian. They do not appear to have known the common mineral poisons.

In the year 1695 it was observed in Rome that many young married women became widows, and that many husbands died when they became disagreeable to their wives. The government, through great vigilance, succeeded in detecting the poisoners. It was discovered that there was a very large society of young wives, whose president was an old woman who pretended to foretell future events, and who often predicted exactly the death of certain persons.

One of the members of the society was bribed to reveal its secrets, their poisoning practices were detected, the whole society was arrested and put to the torture. The old woman, whose name was Spara, and four others were publicly hanged. They all belonged to the better classes.

Spara was a Sicilian, and had acquired her infamous knowledge from Toffania, a wretch who lived first at Palermo and then at Naples. She manufactured and sold the poison, which from her acquired the name of Aqua Della Toffania.

She was good-hearted and charitable, and kindly gave away her preparations to those who could not purchase them and desired to get rid of their husbands. From four to six drops were sufficient to destroy a man, and the dose could be so prepared as to operate within a certain time. She put up her poisons in small glass phials, with the inscription "Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari" upon them, and an image of the saint.

She lived to a great age, and retired to a nunnery to expiate her sins, but she was dragged thence, put to the torture, and confessed her crimes. The list of people poisoned by her is very long. She was strangled.

In no country has the art of poisoning excited more attention than it did in France about the year 1570. Margaret D'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvillier, was the principal agent and instigator of this terrible traffic.

A needy adventurer named Sainte Croix had formed the acquaintance of the marquis during their campaigns in the Netherlands, and when they returned to Paris he became a constant visitor at the house of the marquis, and soon established illicit relations with his wife. The marquis died about this time, having run through her fortune and his own.

The marchioness was young, beautiful and accomplished, and belonged to a high and virtuous family. Her conduct with Sainte Croix so scandalized her father that he used his influence to have him removed from his daughter, and Sainte Croix was arrested, sent to the Bastille, and there imprisoned for a year.

While in prison he became acquainted with an Italian from whom he learned to prepare poisons.

As soon as Sainte Croix was released he flew to the marchioness and taught her the art in order that she might enjoy it in bettering the fortunes of both.

Disguising herself as a nun, she distributed food to the poor and nursed the sick in the hospitals, in order to test upon them the efficacy of the poisons. Many were the hapless wretches whom she destroyed in her early experiments.

Her next move was to bribe a valet in her father's service to poison him; then her brother fell a prey, and her sister only escaped with her life by a miracle.

Suspicions of poisoning being excited, the bodies of her father and brother were ex-

humed and examined, but nothing was discovered.

The villainous practices of this remorseless and guilty pair continued undiscovered for a long time, bringing them a large fortune; but Sainte Croix was destined to perish by the same means by which he had caused the untimely taking off of so many persons.

When preparing his poisons he was accustomed to wear a glass mask, but this dropped off one day accidentally, and he was suffocated in his laboratory. He had no family, so the government took possession of and examined his effects.

Among them was found a small box to which the arch-poisoner had affixed a written request that after his death it should be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or to be burned in case she should not be living. This box was found to contain a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels on which their effects, proved by experiments on animals, were marked. The principal poison was corrosive sublimate.

The marchioness endeavored by every means in her power to get possession of this casket, but failing, she fled from France.

La Chausse, the valet who had poisoned her father, had been retained in Sainte Croix's service, and he laid claim to his employer's property. He was seized, imprisoned, and a full confession extorted from him. He was broken alive on the wheel in 1578.

The marchioness had taken refuge in a convent at Liège. A detective assumed the disguise of an abbe, and succeeded in enticing her from her sanctuary. Among her effects at the convent was found a full confession, in her own hand, with a complete catalogue of her crimes, and the names of her victims. She was taken to Paris, condemned, and on the 16th of July, 1676, publicly beheaded, and her body afterwards burned.

The punishment did not have the effect of suppressing poisoning. On the contrary, her success and long escape from suspicion and detection seemed to encourage others to pursue her horrible practices. So general did crime of this kind become, that in 1679 a court for watching, searching after, and punishing poisoners was established under the title of "Chambre de Poison," or "Chambre Ardeute." It soon came to be used as a state machine against those who were obnoxious to the court. Two females were burned to death by order of this court. It was abolished in 1680.

Charles XI. was supposed to have died of poison secretly administered. After death his intestines were found to be full of small ulcers.

There has been a great diversity of opinions as to the nature of these ancient secret poisons. That prepared by Toffania appears to have been a clear, insipid water, and the sale of aquafortis was for a long time forbidden in Rome, because it was supposed to have been its principal ingredient.

In Paris the famous Poudre de Succession, a secret poison, was at one time thought to consist of diamond dust, pounded exceedingly fine.

In the casket of Sainte Croix were found sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, vitriol, and a large quantity of poisons already prepared, the principal ingredients of which the physicians were not able to discover. The physician of Charles VI., King of the Two Sicilies, when Toffania was arrested, declared that her poison was nothing else but crystallized arsenic dissolved in a large quantity of water, with the addition of the herb cymalaria. None of the effects of arsenic were, however, observed in the body after death.

By others it was asserted that the aqua was a mixture of opium and cantharides, that it was limpid as rock water and without taste. Its effects were slow and almost imperceptible.

A similar poison issued in the East under the name of Pawst, being water which has stood a night over the juice of poppies. It is given to princes whom it is wished to dispatch privately, and produces loss of strength and understanding, so that they die torpid and insensible.

It would puzzle a toxicologist to say what poison Shakespeare had in his thoughts when he made Hamlet's father die so suddenly by poison poured into his ear. The writer can find but one authenticated case of death caused by poison so administered.

It is of a female who fell asleep deeply intoxicated. Her husband poured nitric acid into her ear. She endured terrible sufferings for three months, when she expired. On dissection the bones of the head surrounding the ear into which the poison had been dropped were found to be completely decayed.

CHAPTER III.

THE BORGIA.

The name Borgia has come to be a synonym for poisoning. Let us inquire how it was pressed into this sinister use.

The Borgia family was of Spanish origin. The ancestors of those members who achieved such revolting renown for it settled in Italy, where they soon became eminent in a small way. Climbing, little by little, in 1455, one member of the race was raised to the papedom. This was Alfonso Borgia, known in ecclesiastical history as Calixtus. He had previously been a privy councillor to the King of Aragon. He was an honest, albeit bigoted,

and severe man, and died in 1458, with an untarnished name.

A sister of Calixtus III. married into the Lenzuoli family. In Valencia, Spain, in 1490, she gave birth to a son who was christened Rodrigo. This son developed into a youth of great intelligence and much refinement, a lover of art, music and literature, and withal one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the earth.

Rodrigo Lenzuoli, going to Italy early in life, became a protégé of his uncle, who, upon his elevation to the papacy, made his nephew a cardinal. Rodrigo had dropped his own name and assumed that of his mother's family, his uncle desiring it.

He was in every way unfitted for the sacred office he was appointed to. Still a boy, and a lad one; a roisterer and connoisseur with lewd women, all his talents and love of art and science were perverted to aid him in the enjoyment of his wicked and desperate life. He made friends of his inferiors, and was haughty and insolent to the rich, thus making himself a popular favorite.

Throughout his early life he kept the hope of ultimate greatness constantly before him, and lost no opportunity of making capital for himself against the time he would need it.

When Rodrigo Borgia, to give him the name he chose for himself, was made cardinal he had a mistress named Rosa Vanozza, a woman celebrated for her beauty. He continued his connection with her in spite of his high clerical office, and in time she bore to him five children.

Rodrigo remained a cardinal during his uncle's reign. After Calixtus III. died, Innocent VIII. was made pope, and Rodrigo retained his office under him till 1492. Then Innocent went the way of his predecessor and the papal chair was again vacant.

This was the opportunity Rodrigo Borgia had been waiting for. He had made friends on all sides among the cardinals, flattering this one, doing favors for that, bribing on all sides with money and favors. The end he worked for was reached. When the cardinals came together to appoint a successor to Innocent VIII. Rodrigo Borgia's name was mentioned, and he was named for the vacant chair of St. Peter.

This wretch, who would have been a star of the first magnitude in a brothel, was raised to the highest dignity the greatest church of the age could raise a man to!

Upon his elevation he assumed the name of Alexander VI.

Alexander VI. rose to power at a time when things were dark for the church of Rome. There had been a division in the church, and the popes had been driven out of Italy and had held court at Avignon, in France. The property and income of the church in Italy had been greatly curtailed, and the great princes had risen to power which dwarfed that of the papacy. When the popes came back they found things in an unfavorable state for them, and up to Alexander VI. none possessed the genius and strength enough to improve it.

Alexander had it all, however. His most striking personal qualities were great fearlessness, unwearied perseverance and vigilance in all his undertakings, and a most cunning, insidious cruelty. He had no heart, no conscience and no God.

Masquerading in the solemn state of the father of the Catholic Church, he was a Nero in wickedness, more than a Nero in crime.

He began his papacy by the commencement of a crusade against the princes whose power so weakened his own. They soon began to fall around him like grain before the reaper. He invited one to dinner, and he did it. He asked himself to dinner with another, and he died. He shook hands with one at an audience, and in twenty-four hours the recipient of the pontifical greeting was in his coffin.

And they all died in agony, and with such symptoms as accompany death by poison!

Alexander had a son, the worthy offspring of such a monstrous parent.

This wretch was Cesare Borgia. His father made a cardinal of him as soon as he became pope, but this did not satisfy him. Alexander conferred on another of his sons, Giovanni, the duchy of Benevento, with the counties of Terracina and Pontecorvo, which had belonged to one of his victims.

Cesare envied his brother these possessions, coveted him to be assassinated and seized them himself. His father, the first burst of his anger being over, forgave him and permitted him to resign his ecclesiastical office and espouse the profession of arms.

Henceforth his life, like his father's, was that of a ferocious beast rather than of a man. His crimes are numberless, and poison was his readiest weapon. Of him, and of his father, it was said, "To be invited to dine with him was death, if you had an estate worth dying for."

One of the means adopted by Cesare Borgia to rid himself of those he did not want to live is detailed by Alexander Dumas. Cesare, he says, wore a ring composed of two lion's heads, the store of which he turned inward when he wished to press the hand of "a friend." It was then the lion's teeth became those of a viper charged with poison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEAR Waukon, Allamakee county, Iowa, Frank Bohner, one of the boys sent from New York a few years ago, attempted rape upon Sarah Johnson. He was arrested.

CUPID'S "CRANKS."

New Vagaries Whereby the Fickle God Makes Fresh Mischief on all Sides.

GEN. SICKLE's old father, aged ninety, was married on the 21st of December to a widow, fair, fat and forty, named Mary Sheridan Sawyer. A wedding breakfast was given at the Belmont Hotel Dining Saloon, Fulton street, New York. The old man is said to be worth \$12,000,000, and these unpretentious nuptials are considered decidedly "cranky."

In the trial of Charles W. Corry for killing Mr. Prettieman, in St. Louis, Mo., on the 18th ult., the dead man's daughter who witnessed the affray testified in favor of the accused, going far out of her way to make things appear favorable for him. A witness testified that Salie Prettieman, when met on the street the day after her father's death, said she didn't care a "dog-gone." It was evident that the girl had been swayed, and between her father and "Corny Cupid" weighed down the scale against filial love.

A very skin flint chap named Bresslaw, who travels for a New York house, fell in with a married woman of St. Louis, and the pair took a room at the Meyer House on Tuesday night. At midnight he missed a \$100 (unendorsed) check from his vest pocket and locked her in the room until he brought the police and had her arrested. She was searched and the check was not found, but he succeeded in making a grand scandal and leading up to a divorce suit. That woman will not believe in love at first sight any more.

In a private parlor in a famous fashionable restaurant not a mile from University Place, New York city, one night last week, an indignant wife came upon her husband with the wife of the gentleman with whom she was about to dine. Wife number one picked up the smaller woman and then and there administered her such infantile punishment as is given by Cervaise to Virginia in Zola's "L'Assommoir." There was a great sensation in the high-toned saloon, but all the damage was paid for, and the affair was hushed up.

SINGULAR legal complications are liable to grow out of the suit for divorce brought by Mrs. Eliza Bergman, the young lady of Philadelphia who fell in love with a Spanish student while on the voyage across the Atlantic and who refused to live with her husband on reaching her home. As Bergman was a citizen of Sweden, domiciled in France at the time of his marriage, and as by her marriage Mrs. Bergman assumed the citizenship of her husband, the latter is anxious to have this fact established, that the right of the wife to bring suit in the courts of Pennsylvania shall be denied. She is determined to win over her student, however, though his heart may be cold to her now, and nothing is going to stand in her way if she can help it.

One day last week a drummer for a Cincinnati wholesale house arrived at Crawfordsville from Frankfort, Ky., and with a young girl aged (as she says) 14, stopped at the St. James Hotel. He obtained work for her at the Sherman House in Crawfordsville. In the evening she came back to the drummer, whose name is Penning, and demanded that he find her another place. They left the hotel together and the girl was seen no more until she was found by the officers an inmate of Madame Bailey's barn. She told a terrible story of how Penning had drugged her at a hotel in Frankfort and took her to his room, and on awakening in the morning she was occupying the same bed with him, and that he had brought her to Crawfordsville and placed her in Madame Bailey's house. When he was arrested, however, she would not press any charge against him.

A WAGON WALLOWING IN WEALTH.

A fast woman, Emma Jordan, was arrested on the street in Toronto on the night of the 20th ult., for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. She had \$600 cash on her, \$1,800 in greenbacks and \$5,000 worth of jewelry on her person. The woman has a remarkable history. Her proper name is Emma Pillsner and she is the daughter of a Montreal cab-owner. She went to Toronto eight years ago and entered a respectable house. She had been seduced by a wealthy Montreal merchant. Her next move was to Saginaw, where her good looks soon attracted several wealthy merchants, from whom she secured a good deal of money, having in the meantime started a house on her own behalf which was always a resort of thieves, gamblers and crooked sporting men. She returned to Toronto a short time ago in search of a Pullman car conductor whom she fell in love with. It was then thought by the police that the jewelry in her possession had been stolen and the matter was investigated. The diamond ear-rings and cross, worth \$3,500, belonged to herself. Three out of six diamond rings found on her belong to a Chicago merchant, who has been trying to recover his property without publicity for a long time. Two other rings belong to a rattle-brained youth of Saratoga who fell in love with the woman during her stay in that place. The youth's parents are very respectable people. The woman left the city immediately on her release for New Orleans, as the police could not detain her on a criminal charge.



A RISE IN LIVE STOCK.

A BOY AND HIS MULE ACCIDENTALLY GET A HOIST BY STEAM; MONTPELIER, VT.

young woman, and has but one eager desire left him in regard to her, which is to get rid of her forever by legal process.

A Mule Gets a Lift.

At Montpelier, Vt., on the 20th inst., a boy drove a docile mule and a cart up to a warehouse where a steam engine was engaged in hoisting bags of grain and general merchandise up to the top of a lofty building. The boy was waiting for a bag of grain and had already laid in a stock of groceries to last the family a week away back in the country where he came from, and was waiting for the workmen to come back from dinner to serve him. By some accident the hook of the hoisting rope had become entangled with his wagon and the harness of his mule, when the men hastily threw down the tackle at their meal-time. When they returned the engineer gave a preliminary spin of the engine cylinder to straighten out the rope, when, lo and behold, up goes my gallant mule and boy in the air, out flies the groceries, and the lad hanging to his cattle strains with horror to restrain the upward tendency of his stock. That the mule and cart would have gone to the roof of the building if the engineer had not been warned in time and let them down gently, there can be no doubt. No damage was done and a very ludicrous scene was enjoyed. The boy wanted damages for a broken strap or two and did not seem to appreciate the joke. "Dad will give me a mighty good lickin' for lettin' our mule get slung around in that way," said he; "for it's likely to break his spirit."

A Black Villain Jumped On.

Within a few miles of Atlanta, Ga., lives a Mrs. Lively, and very lively Mrs. Lively is, when she is aroused. She is buxom and beautiful, and she could marry again twenty times if she wished. But she prefers to be no man's slave and prefers to devote herself to the care of two young children, her treasures; so all suitors have been sent off about their business. A burly negro named Bill Jones, however, cast a lecherous eye on Mrs. Lively, and one afternoon, a fortnight since, appeared at her house and boldly made the avowal of his love, supplementing it with a desperate at-



NO NEGRO OUTRAGE FOR HER.

A PLUCKY ATLANTA, GA., WOMAN "HEELS" A NEGRO WHO ATTEMPTS RAPE.

Hamilton Ratliff and Kate Woodard.

A most terrible case of human depravity is reported from the little hamlet of Marion, Ky. The portraits of Hamilton Ratliff and Kate Woodard, presented in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, represent the principal characters of the sad history. Kate, who is now about 18 years of age, is the illegitimate daughter of Ratliff. About a year ago she married a young farmer of the vicinity named Robert Woodard. Shortly after her marriage she was visited at her home by her father, who for the past two months has lived in the same house. The father and daughter, it was remarked, were exceedingly fond and passed most of their time together. They were caught on several occasions in illicit relations, and on being reproved the infatuated young wife and the beastly parent eloped together, taking all her personal property. It is understood that the father and daughter are living together in some remote place in Ohio. The husband was shocked when the revelation of his wife's terrible guilt was made known to him but declares that he has no intention of pur-



A BABE IN THE WOODS.

AN INFANT LEFT IN THE WOODS WITH ITS FATHER BY A BAND OF MEXICANS FOUND SAFE IN THE MIDST OF WILD BEASTS; UVALDE, TEXAS.

tempt to commit rape. Mrs. Lively tussled desperately with him, and armed with a frying pan succeeded in felling him to the ground, whereupon she jumped upon him, "heeling" him in the most approved New York fashion, until he was insensible and almost dead. Then she ran for assistance and the neighbors took him into custody. A doctor was sent for and he is being carefully treated in order that the boys may have a first-class "hanging bee."

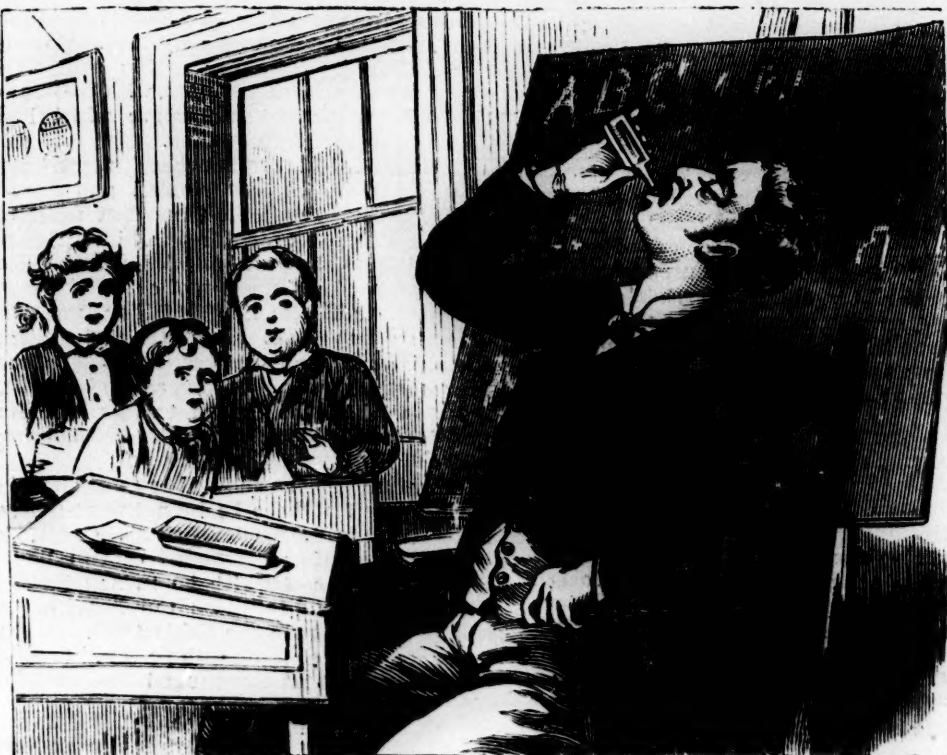
MISS KATIE MOSS, of Hannibal, Mo., was persuaded by her cruel "pa" to engage herself to marry a young man named McFarland, and had all the wedding dresses and trumpery ready and packed in a trunk, and the wedding was to have occurred on the 15th ult. On the 14th, however, one Tom Cave, an old flame of Katie's, came on the scene and she wanted to substitute him at the altar for McFarland. Her father wouldn't hear of it and locked up her wedding things in her own room. Nothing daunted, she and the bold Tom skipped around the corner to the Rev. W. C. Busby, who tied the knot that very night, and then the happy couple returned to, saucily inquire of the old man and



HAMILTON RATLIFF,

ACCUSED OF IMMORAL PRACTICES WITH HIS DAUGHTER, AT MARION, KY.

suing. He will apply for divorce on the grounds stated above, declaring that he has no longer any affection for the depraved



"BOYS, WHO WANTS A NEW TEACHER?" SUICIDE OF A PEDAGOGUE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM BEFORE HIS PUPILS; WOODLANDS, MANITOBA.



CATHERINE WOODARD,

ILLEGITIMATE DAUGHTER OF HAMILTON RATLIFF; MARION, KY.

McFarland what they were going to do about it. When a woman will, she will, you know!

Patrolman Thomas J. Norton, N. Y. City.

In this issue we give a portrait of Thomas J. Norton, the police officer who was shot a week ago while attempting to arrest a brother officer named Bernard Fitzpatrick, who was off duty and engaged in a midnight brawl at No. 44 Delancey street, New York city. Fitzpatrick had a bad reputation and on the night of the murder had been going the rounds of the dives drinking bad whiskey with worse women. The row in the Delancey street house was occasioned by one of the women refusing to let him have some money. Norton was not the nephew of Senator Mike Norton as at first reported. He was a single man and had no near relatives. He was sober, exemplary, brave and manly and in every honorable respect the opposite of his murderer.

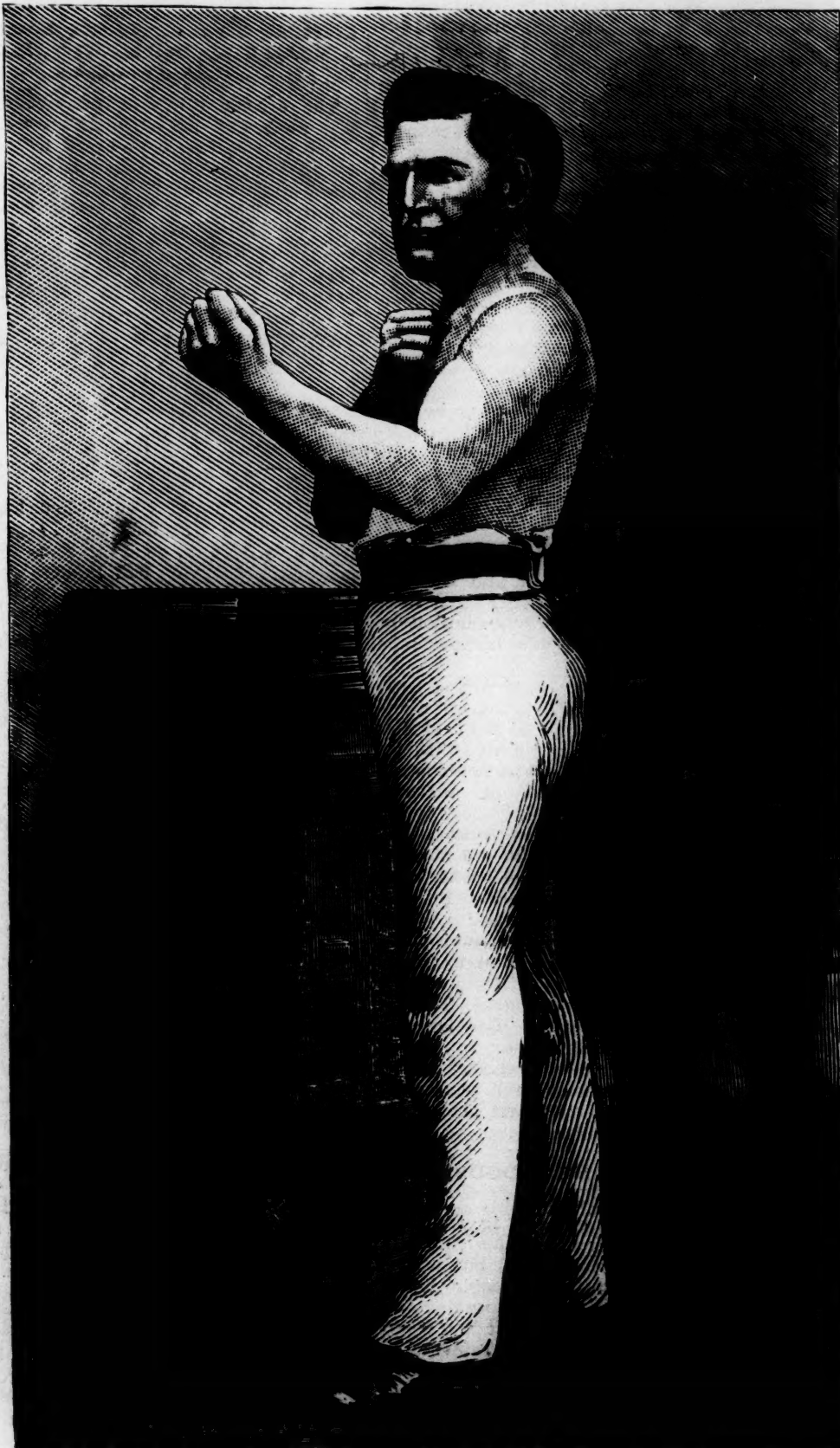
Chief Morse, of Toledo.

E. E. Morse, Chief of Police at Toledo, Ohio, and the subject of a portrait published this week, was born in Virgil, Courtland County, N. Y., on the 31st day of May, 1850. His parents moved West soon afterward and he was reared at Three Rivers, Mich. He was educated at the Highland Military Academy of Worcester, Mass., and devoted a part of his time thereafter to railroad business. At the age of 21 years he became a member of the Cleveland police force and for ten years served in the capacity of patrolman, drill master and lieutenant. He was elected Chief of Police of Toledo June 20, 1881.

While a member of the Cleveland force he pursued a straightforward course, always after the offenders of the law, no matter whom it hit. As may be imagined this fearless course excited the jealousy of certain members in the department and the ill-will of politicians out of it. The same course that made him uncomfortable in Cleveland caused him to be elected Chief of Police at Toledo by a unanimous vote of a board consisting of a national mayor, two Democratic and two Republican commissioners. At first his appointment met with great opposition, but by a quiet, honorable, yet positive course, he is to-day the most popular chief with law-abiding citizens Toledo ever had. He is a thorough disciplinarian, a good organizer, a well posted tactician and a giant physically, being above the average height and weighing 280 pounds. If he continues in the course he has thus far followed Toledo will soon have a force worthy a National reputation.

Lawrence Foley.

In this issue we present our readers a faithful picture of Lawrence Foley, better known as Larry Foley, the light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope. Foley was born at New South Wales in 1851. He stands 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 147 pounds. On Dec. 2, 1878, he fought Peter Newton at Melbourne, Australia, with gloves, for \$1,500, Foley's backer laying \$1,000 to Newton's \$500. Jack Thompson and Sam Isaacs seconded Foley, while Abe Hicken, who had just arrived in Australia from New York, and Ned Bitten seconded Newton. The battle was a desperate



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

LAWRENCE FOLEY,

CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Photo. by J. Wood, 208 Bowery.]

one, Foley having decidedly the best of the fighting, when the police stopped the mill. After the battle Hicken challenged Foley to fight for \$5,000 and the championship of the colonies. The match was arranged and Foley was tutored by Jem Mace. As the pugilists were to fight without gloves and according to the rules of the London prize ring great interest was manifested in the affair. The fight took place on Murray River at Echuca, March 13, 1879. Jem Mace and Jack Thompson seconded Foley, while Hicken was attended by George Perry and Ned Bitten. Foley won in 15 rounds in 1h. and 23m. Hicken made a gallant battle, but was overmatched.

A Boston Criminal's Record.

Albert Lee, who is now serving a term in the house of correction (Mass.) for forging the name of Paymaster F. H. Arms, of the navy yard, to an order for \$13, although but 24 years old has had an extensive criminal experience. In 1873 he was sentenced to the Westboro reform school during minority for breaking into a store in Quincy, his native town, and was subsequently pardoned out. About a year ago he married, under the name of Lieut. Harry K. Horton, a lady of Jersey City, whom he soon after deserted and returned to Quincy. His wife followed him and he lived with her a short time, again deserting her. During all this time he made great professions to his friends and relations in Quincy about his army life and tried to enter the artillery service. In July last he married a New York lady, giving his own name and getting, as he told her, his discharge from the army. They went to the Astor House, New York, where he failed to pay his bills and was ejected. He was next heard of in Boston, where he committed the crime for which he is now serving sentence. Very recently it has been learned that he had stolen about \$1,500 worth of diamonds and jewelry from a New York gentleman, which have been recovered, and new evidence is accumulating tending to show that besides several minor thefts he is guilty of forging the names of two New York hotel proprietors. Warrants for bigamy and forgery, accompanied by the necessary requisition from the Governor of New York, have arrived in Boston and Lee will be called upon to meet these additional charges.

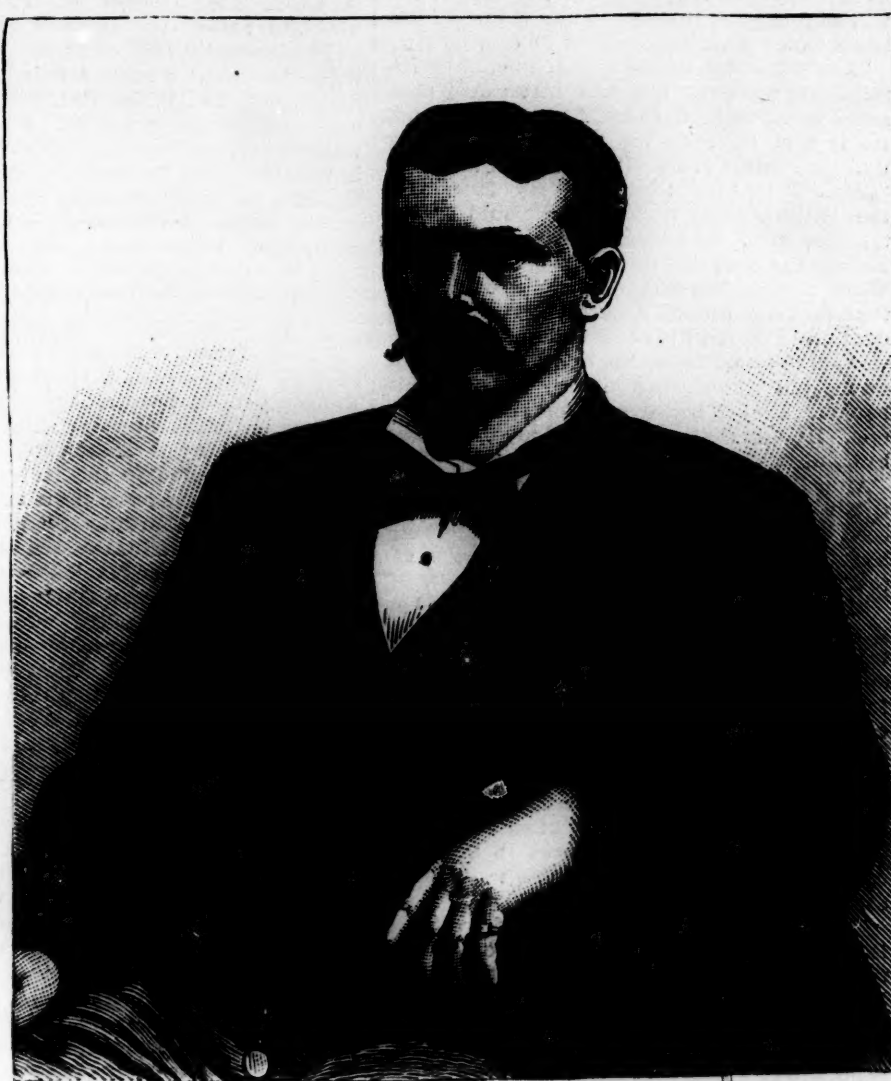
A Honeymoon Horror.

Mrs. Belle Karns, the daughter of Clerk of Courts Bell, of Westmoreland County, Pa., was instantly killed by the Johnstown express at Latrobe, Penn., on December 14. She had just been married to Robert Karns, a few hours before, and the newly wedded pair were starting out on their wedding tour. They had to change cars at Latrobe, and came out on the platform together. The husband stepped back into the car for a moment, and his wife stepped or fell off the platform immediately in front of the express, which was coming up on the next track. Her husband came up a moment later, in time to see the mangled body of his bride strewn along the track. He fainted with terror, and has been delirious ever since. It is thought his mind will be permanently deranged.



E. E. MORSE,

CHIEF OF POLICE, TOLEDO, OHIO.



PATROLMAN THOMAS J. NORTON,

MURDERED BY OFFICER FITZPATRICK, DECEMBER 18.

GUILTEAU'S HEAD.

Experts Lecturing on it, Lawyers Wrangling over it and Artists Taking Casts of it.

The Vile Assassin Still Making Fun for the Multitude in the Shadow of the Gallows.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The newest feature of the Guiteau case has been the taking of a plaster cast of the assassin's head by Theodore Mills. The pampered villain was persuaded to shave off his beard in order that the full effect of his physiognomy might be given by the artist's work. At first he objected but his vanity being touched by the assurance that his features would come out stronger without than with the beard he consented. The measurement of the assassin's head showed that the circumference was 23 1/2 inches, while a phrenological expert got his hand in among the mob of manipulators of the villain's head and detected that his "self-esteem" was 6 1/2 inches and his "firmness" 6 1/2 inches. Mr. Mills said that in his examination of the prisoner he found the faculties on the left side of the head appeared to be normal and well developed, but the right side of the head was almost flat, as though depressed by a heavy weight. The front of the head was also found to be one inch shorter than behind, and take it for all in all, he says, the assassin's head is the most curiously shaped of any he has ever examined. Guiteau seemed to revel in the delightful contemplation that he had a top-sided head and that his faculties on one side seemed to be almost entirely lacking. He was more cranky than ever during the trial after this examination had been made, and made much fun for the mob by his arguments in favor of the theory of his own insanity and by quarreling with his brother-in-law and counsel, Mr. Scoville, occasionally even turning upon his sister and giving her a "dressing down" to the delight of all observers.

D. McLean Shaw, who had testified that in a talk he had with Guiteau the latter had said he would imitate Wilkes Booth, was recalled by Mr. Scoville. When the assassin saw him he said excitedly:

"This is the man who told the lie about Booth. We have your record, Shaw, over there in New Jersey, where you were indicted for perjury."

In answer to Scoville's questions, Shaw said he had been indicted and tried for alleged perjury in New Jersey, but had been acquitted. The assassin here burst out with:

"There is not a word of truth in this Booth story, and you know it! God Almighty will curse you for it. You are marked for life. It is not likely I would wait ten years to kill some great man. It's the most outrageous thing ever concocted by human being."

Guiteau never ceased his tirade till the end of the day's session, and as he was led out, he was still denouncing Shaw and hurling defiance and sarcasm at Corkhill.

The testimony of Dr. A. McLane Hamilton was to the effect that Guiteau is not afflicted with insanity, and was not so afflicted on the 2d of July when he committed the murder.

In a long cross-examination of the witness by Mr. Scoville touching the exercise of the will as related to insanity, Guiteau burst forth again in his most frantic style of oratory:

"The will is controlled by spirits—not by intellectual process. You had better drop this, gentlemen, and put Clark Mills on the stand. He is a better man for you. Dry that thing up." (Alluding to Dr. Hamilton, the witness.) "Clark Mills took a cast of my face. He thought that someone hereafter would be interested in it. He thought I was a great man. He was the man that did Jackson opposite the White House. He thinks I am a greater man than Jackson, though Jackson has been President and I haven't been President yet. Mills wanted to immortalize his name by getting it on my bust, so I took off my beard for his benefit. He is a better man for you than this one. He said that one side of my head was badly deficient."

After the brazen assassin had gotten off this tirade the examination of the witness proceeded, Dr. Worcester being called and a long hypothetical question being put to him, Guiteau burst out again with:

"Let me say right here that Corkhill has made a very clear outward statement of the transaction; but what does he know about the spiritual pressure on me? The act is a matter for the Lord, and for this jury, and for the court and me to pass upon. Here is this quartette—the Lord and the court and the jury and me. That is a mere outward statement of the transaction. The spiritual causes forcing me to the act are entirely unstated."

Poor Scoville took the witness in hand for cross-examination, and this is the way his assassin brother-in-law "went for" him.

"You are as stupid, Scoville, as the witness is. You are just compromising my case every time on cross-examination. You are not fit to be on this case at all. If I had some first-class criminal lawyer he would show you how to do this business. I would have got John D. Townsend of New York, or Judge Magruder of Maryland, if you had not shoved them off with your confounded vanity and egotism. You are no more fit to manage this case than a ten year old school-boy. You have no ability

in examining witnesses. Your business is in examining titles. You had no business to come here at all and compromise me with your blunderbuss way."

Then he stopped. Scoville went on placidly asking a few questions, but soon Guiteau broke out worse than ever. Said he:

"It is an outrage on justice for this man to come here. He has had no experience in criminal matters, and he is compromising my case. I here require him publicly to get out of the case. I would rather take my chance even at this late hour, with Charley Reed, who is a first-class criminal lawyer, than with this idiot, who is compromising my case all the time. He has no wit, no sense; and between Corkhill and him, I have a pretty hard time." (Laughter which seemed to put the prisoner in better humor, and in which he joined.)

Mr. Scoville for the first time during the trial seemed to be annoyed, worried and humiliated by the prisoner's speech. He had difficulty in repressing his emotion, as he said to the court that he had to notice what the prisoner said, and that he should be very glad to have the assistance of Mr. Reed.

The prisoner seemed to relent a little as he noticed Mr. Scoville's emotion, and he said, encouragingly, "You are doing first-rate, Scoville, but make your cross-examination short. You hurt the case by your inexperience in cross-examination."

Scoville, try as he might, could not conceal his chagrin and seemed "all broken up" mentally by the annoyance and ridicule of the situation. "What a wonder he does not throw the villain's case up and leave him to his fate!" was the general remark among the audience.

The next day after this row Guiteau addressed the court, saying Scoville did not suit him as a criminal lawyer, and he wished consent of the court to have Mr. Charles H. Reed assume the active duties of the case.

Mr. Reed thereupon took charge, but it made little difference, for Guiteau interrupted as often as usual. Mr. Davidge, of the prosecution, venturing in a few remarks, Guiteau silenced him with the remark: "Davidge, you have too much to say in this case. You are as bad as a man born with the diarrhoea."

And so the circus goes on, the change of counsel making not the slightest abatement of the buffoon's merry antics.

A BABE IN THE WOODS.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A terrible scene was enacted in the wild region about Uvalde, Tex., within a radius of thirty miles of that town, on the 16th ult. A Walter Thompson, residing in a cabin on the Sabinal with his wife and little daughter, had aroused the enmity of some marauding Mexicans who had sworn vengeance against him. On the date mentioned, when his wife and her sister was out, a gang of "greasers" surrounded his house and brought him out. With him was his little girl aged only three years, and they brought her along, taking the party to a lonely spot in the woods. There they deliberated over the best means of killing the man and his child; but finally it was agreed that it was best to tie the man, and leave him and his infant to the mercy of the panthers, wolves and wild cats with which the region was infested. The absence of Thompson and his child raised the country and the woods were searched far and near, and finally after a three days hunt, a party consisting of California Brown, Ben White, Henry Shane and several half-breeds came on the trail. The father's corpse presented a frightful spectacle, having been torn to shreds by wild beasts, but the little one was found unharmed, and toddled crying and hungry, toward the hunters. It was a scene which made strong men weep.

TRAIN ROBBERS BOUNCED.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A band of train robbers preparing for a holiday jubilee boarded a train at Chillicothe, Kansas, several days since, and saluted the passengers of the first car they entered with the alarming cry of "Hands up and fork over!" They were armed to the teeth, but to their great surprise the passengers arose in a body and began bombarding them with valises, overshoes and umbrellas, the conductor and brakeman seized the ringleader and flung him off the train which had started off again on a signal, and the rest of the gang were fired off in the same way and were left sprawling in the ditch beside the road. They were taken so completely by surprise that they had not time to fire a single shot. Several of them are known to have been severely injured.

TO HEAVEN VIA THE GALLOWES.

By the latest reports of the hanging at Monticello, Ark., a few weeks ago, it appears that the murderer, Howard Edmunds, a wealthy young planter of the place, who was convicted of seducing his wife's sister, aged only 16, and then beating in her skull with an axe because he discovered she was insane, had a regular religious jubilee at the scaffold. The parson dealt out hymn books among the crowd and they all sang hymns selected by the condemned, who started the tunes and sang through the stanzas in a clear tenor voice without a tremor in it. The reports say everyone present was much moved. And that is the way they make angels out of devils nowadays.

SCANDAL RAMPANT.

Startling Cases of Marital Misery from All Sides, but Brooklyn, L. I., Takes the Cake.

The divorce mill was in active operation last week, and the salacious cross-examinations of the crying lawyers have set the tongues of gossips wagging in every sewing circle and private tea party throughout the country. The most disgusting details have been paraded in the courts of law where husbands and wives in unusual numbers have been contending their separate honors, but of the whole caboodle, one case, and that in Brooklyn, L. I., stands out preeminent. This was the suit of Helen F. Lockwood for absolute divorce from her husband, George Lockwood, which came up Feb. 21, in the City Court before Judge Wilson. The defendant in his answer to the charge of infidelity, enters a general denial, and retorts with a counter charge that his wife has been the common property of numerous men.

Miss Hattie Hopkins, with whose mother the defendant has boarded since his separation from his wife, was one of those with whom he is accused of having had immoral relations. The fair Hattie came on the stand and denied this, although she acknowledged having gone to the theatre with him, and having her photograph hung in his bedroom.

Charles H. Lockwood, brother of the defendant, went on the stand and swore that for several months, while his brother was away on a business trip, he carried on illicit intercourse with the plaintiff, his brother's wife giving details the most concise and so minute as to disgust even a Brooklyn crowd of courtroom loungers. A fifteen-year-old daughter of the plaintiff testified in her mother's favor, but a daughter a few years younger, who sides with her father, testified in his behalf. Hannah Hopkins, sister of Hattie, testified that she had seen Lockwood pull her sister down on his knee, but she was quite sure he had never gone any farther with her. Further and more disgusting revelations are expected as the case progresses, and as it is likely to last a long time, Brooklyn is smacking its lips in anticipation of much raciness to come.

Gabriel Scott, of Chicago, arrived in Brooklyn, one day last week, and applied to the police to find him his runaway wife and her lover, who he naturally supposed would find no place so congenial to them, after Chicago, as the City of Churches and scandals. Mr. Scott appeared about fifty years of age, and said he was conducting an employment agency in Chicago. His wife's name was Julia, her age was 24, and he was sure she was living in Brooklyn with her lover. Scott said he married her six years ago. They went to Chicago from Buffalo, and he started business with a capital of \$2,000. He was prosperous and took a clerk, a good looking young German named Rudolph Starck, who hailed from Racine, Wisconsin. An intimacy sprang up between the fascinating clerk and the young wife, and before the husband realized the situation she had eloped, leaving him in a state of blank amazement, for he had never suspected the lay of the land. He continues his wild goose chase, the couple having left no trace of their course.

A BOY'S AWFUL DEED.

He Couldn't Make a Good Man of His Brother-in-Law, So He Killed Him.

Covington, Ky., was on the 19th inst. the scene of a shocking murder committed by a young man not yet of age, and so boyish in appearance that his looks even belie his years. The victim was Mr. H. H. Bruns, a well-known lumber dealer in that city and his slayer was August Koors, his brother-in-law. The trouble had its origin in the domestic affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Bruns. They were married a year and nine months ago and seemed to have lived unhappily from the first. Who was to blame for this it is not easy to learn from the reports that are in circulation. The probability seems to be that they were an uncongenial pair and that the subsequent conduct of neither tended to mend matters. A separation finally took place a few months ago, and shortly after on Nov. 22, Mrs. Bruns filed suit for divorce. In her petition she stated that her husband had treated her brutally and inhumanly for above six months before the date; that he beat and bruised her and otherwise violently maltreated her; that he has abandoned her, leaving her and their child, a daughter, unprovided for.

The matter created some talk at the time, and provoked a great deal of comment unfavorable to Bruns. He had been in the habit previously of drinking somewhat freely, and now indulged more deeply than ever. The effect was that from liquor and mental trouble he was rapidly sinking, and could hardly at most have lived two months longer.

On the 19th, at noon, after attending to some matters at his office, he started up Scott street on his way to dinner. As he was approaching Fifth street, young Koors rushed out of an alley and, approaching him from behind, fired at him. The ball evidently missed its mark, and Bruns, turning around and seeing Koors with the revolver smoking in his hand, cried out: "Don't shoot!" Koors replied: "You killed my sister, and I will kill you." Another

shot was fired, the ball entering Bruns' back between the shoulder blade and the spinal column, passing clear through his body and coming out at his left breast just above the heart. Bruns fell against a horse that was hitched to a post close by, and tumbled in the street. Koors fired once more before his victim fell. The murderer was taken into custody and the injured man was carried into a house near by. He gave his last gasp ten minutes after the shooting.

Bruns was in about his 35th year, and had more than ordinary business qualifications. Various reports are afloat concerning the origin of the matter. On the authority of the clerk of Mr. Bruns, it is stated that he and his wife had come to an amicable agreement, which had been brought about a few days ago, by which they were to live together. Another statement is to the effect that the principal cause of the trouble was Bruns' mother-in-law, Mrs. Koors, who is said to have urged her daughter to compel Bruns to transfer his property to her, and that her machinations to this end were long continued. Young Koors made the following statement in his cell to the reporters:

"Two weeks after the marriage of my sister she and her husband had some disagreement, and since then had trouble all along. It was all through his meanness. He cursed every one who said anything against his way of acting; said he had plenty of money and could back himself in law; that he had too much money and could do anything he pleased. We tried to make a decent man of him, and talked to him and his folks, but it did not do any good. The thing has been bothering me. I saw it worrying mother into the grave. He was constantly drunk, and would beat her, catch her by the throat, and throw her on the floor. Yes, my sister complained to me of his treatment. I kept quiet until I couldn't stand it any longer."

Here his statement was interrupted by the entrance of his mother and another woman. The prisoner, sobbing, threw his arms about her neck. "Poor boy," she exclaimed, as she caressed him tenderly; "don't cry. He only did what any one in this place would have done," she added, addressing the representatives of the press. The old woman is generally condemned in Covington, and the deed is regarded as a dastardly "put up job."

LADY'S DAY.

The Annual Occasion on Which the Sex Asserts Its Right to Enjoy Itself as if It Did Not Wear Petticoats.

(Subject of Illustration.)

New Year's Day in New York is as much an institution as Christmas or the Fourth of July. It is the annual occasion on which the young man who spends the rest of the year warring with his landlady blooms out in a dress suit and shirt front like a new sail at 8 A. M., and at midnight goes to bed with his boots on, and what is left of his hat carefully put away under his pillow. He calls this calling, and invariably mounts a blue ribbon as soon as he gets rid of his headache, and begins to take gloomy views of a society in which the license laws are so laxly administered.

There was a time when lovely woman was contented with the privilege of taking in and doing for her gentlemen friends. But that period is past. Now she not only receives him on New Year's, but demands the privilege of being received by him next day.

January 2d in New York is known as Lady's Day. On that date such of the young men of Gotham as are not confined to their beds, or lost to all desire for enjoyment in painful reflections on the holiday just passed, receive their lady friends with a repetition of the hospitality previously showered on them.

Some phases of the custom and its results our artist has depicted with a pencil to whose graphic touches our pen can add no effect. We leave it to tell its own tale, certain that it will not be misunderstood.

PISTOLS AT THE ALTER.

Al Hawkins, son of S. I. Hawkins, a wealthy politician of Jamesport, L. I., eloped on the 20th ult. with Lottie Fanning, of Franklinville, L. I. The son escaped from his father's house, and in company with Lottie and her father, went to a dominion in Patchogue, who married them. The ceremony was hardly finished when in rushed old man Hawkins breathless. "Is it done?" said he. "It is," replied the parson. "Then," said Hawkins turning to Fanning, "You have ruined my son, but I will be revenged." Thereupon he drew a revolver, firing two shots, which took effect in Fanning's arm, and apologizing to the parson walked out of the house and drove away. Fanning was only slightly injured and the honeymoon was not spoiled after all.

A DOCTOR'S NOVEL TURN-OUT.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Dr. D. R. Doane, of Sturgeon, Mo., is credited with a novel form of advertising that has set him at the head of his profession in his neighborhood, and driven the rival doctors (two of them) out of the field altogether. He drives a team of docile and well-trained elks to his gig or sleigh (as the season may be) when he goes on his professional visits. By such means he has the whole country talking about him and his doings.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The Fierce and Untamed Cowboys Furnish the Music with their Revolvers.

The Remnants of Billy the Kid's Band and Desperadoes of all Sorts Engaged in the Grim Festivities.

In the West and Southwest the playful cowboy, the ponderous miner and the frisky desperado continue their dance of death to the staccato music of the popping revolver. The scattered remnants of Billy the Kid's band have also engaged in the festivities during the past week with a holiday zest that is, to say the least of it, worthy of their reputation.

From Los Vegas, New Mexico, comes the intelligence, dated Dec. 19, to the effect that Thomas J. Kirby, a railroad employe, was shot and mortally wounded by Tom Smith, a desperado, at Kingman, on the 18th. They were shooting at a mark and Smith asked Kirby to go to the target and plug the holes. As he was doing so Smith shot him in the back, the bullet passing through his body. He was taken to Los Vegas but cannot live. It was a put up job to murder the man. Smith was arrested at Lama the next day and is in the Los Vegas jail.

THE Caldwell, Kansas, cowboys who raided the town a fortnight ago, killing and robbing at their sweet will, were pursued by 50 armed men and cornered twice in strong positions, but managed to get off without any loss last week after having wounded five of their pursuers. If Caldwell isn't fortified and held as a garrison town hereafter there will be no living in it, for the cowboys declare they are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to raid it, and promise that the next time they will lead the prominent citizens who have offended them a lively dance to their graves. And judging from their record in the past they are quite capable of doing it. The town will be depopulated if some sure protective measures are not taken.

ANOTHER New Mexico "run in" in which one of Billy the Kid's gang figured on the 21st of December: Joe E. Fowler, a White Oaks man, well known in New Mexico and Texas, has a large herd of cattle in the Gallinas region. Last week while in Socorro he had forty head of the herd stolen by Jim Greathouse, Jim Finley, a fellow named Forrest and another rustic, who drove them to Georgetown, Grant county, and sold them. Joe Fowler, Jim and Ike took a train and met Greathouse, Finley and Forrest on their return at Shaw's ranch. They deceived them as to their intentions, camping and traveling with them for some thirty miles. Ike was riding fifty yards behind the wagon. Greathouse stopped for lunch and pulled down his gun on Fowler as he rode up, remarking, "I know your racket and it won't work." Fowler had a double-barreled shot gun and was too quick for Greathouse and the ruffians who were left on the field died with their boots on. Dr. C. F. Blackington and a man named West are implicated and have been arrested at Pueblo. Blackington escaped but West is a prisoner. Parties have gone out after the dead bodies. Greathouse was a running mate of Billy the Kid and richly deserved his fate. He has been hanging around Las Vegas for two years and was recognized as a hard customer.

At Hannibal, Mo., on the 20th ult., George, or Crow, Miles, aged 19, fired in a few drinks of whiskey of the forty rod sort and while maddened by the fire water wandered out on the hills to the south of the city. His first exploit was to frighten a family of negroes who lived in a shanty there by firing pistolshots at them and using abusive language. He then indulged in a similar performance at the house of a white gentleman. On being ordered off the premises he next attempted a rape upon Mrs. Alice Frink, a respectable young white woman. Mrs. Frink was going to visit her father when Miles saw and followed her. When within 300 yards of the house Miles seized her, aimed a pistol at her head and ordered her to stop. She immediately turned and grasped the pistol, screaming for help. In the struggle which followed the pistol exploded, wounding her in the head. By this time assistance arriving Miles fled. He then fired at four unarmed men who attempted to arrest him, but was afterward apprehended and brought to town. This is Miles' second offense of this nature, he having committed an assault upon a young lady about six months ago.

HORROR ON HORROR'S HEAD.

An Italian's Terrible Slaughter of His Relatives on a California Rancho.

An Italian gardener, named Gian Baptiste Galliano, turned a merry-making at the Santiago Garden on Sunday night, two weeks ago, into a tragedy by fatally stabbing Pietro Pastorino, one of his partners in the Gardens, and seriously wounding his brother and sister Antonio and Bianca Galliano, and Pastorino's mother-in-law, Maria Isola.

The Santiago Gardens are a tract of land nearly half a mile square, situated in Visitation Valley, a fertile lowland on the county line about two miles on the left of the Mission road from the Five-Mile House. The tract is devoted to the cultivation of vegetables for

the city market by seven partners in the rancho, among whom are Pastorino, the murdered man, Gian Baptiste Galliano, the murderer, and Bernardo, Tomazo and Antonio Galliano, his brothers.

On Sunday evening the seven proprietors of the gardens gave a party, at which were present Nicholas Perata and wife and Serafina Povasi, residents of San Francisco; Bernardo, Tomazo and Antonio Galliano, their sister, Bianca, Pastorino, Mrs. Isola, Giovanni Piccone and the other two proprietors of the rancho and their wives.

Music was provided and dancing and singing took place in the room of Bianca, which is the centre one of the five constituting the building where the proprietors and their families live.

About 9 o'clock Gian entered the apartment with a long double-edged dagger in his hand, and walked swiftly to the northeast corner, where his sister was sitting on the edge of the bed. Before anyone present could divine his terrible intention, or raise a hand to interfere, he seized the girl by the throat, and, bending her forward, plunged his weapon to the hilt in her back, near the spine. The unfortunate girl's struggles to free herself loosened the murderer's hold, and she threw herself back on the bed, when he stabbed her again, the long blade burying itself in her left breast.

Satisfied with his work in this quarter, Galliano leaped across the room to the diagonal corner in which Pastorino was still sitting, paralyzed with fear, and seizing him in a similar manner, began plunging his knife into his body with frightful rapidity, his victim being so helpless from fright as to be incapable of offering any resistance, although a much more powerful man physically than his assailant.

Pastorino had been stabbed fully a dozen times before any one could offer him assistance, the whole affair occupying scarcely ten seconds, when Antonio Galliano started towards him. Before a hand could be laid on him, however, the infuriated ruffian turned on his brother and began stabbing him in the same manner in which he had Pastorino. The latter, on being released by the murderer, immediately ran out doors, followed by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Isola, who caught him in her arms as he fell faint and exhausted a few paces from the door.

Evidently fearing that he would be seized before he could complete his murderous work, Baptiste Galliano made a final stab at his brother, and hastily knocking over the solitary lamp which illumined the room, ran out of the building in pursuit of Pastorino. The darkness prevented him from immediately discovering the object of his search, but, in groping about, he stumbled over Mrs. Isola and her prostrate son-in-law, and once more the terrible knife began to rise and fall, a sickening thud following each stroke, telling how deadly his aim was, even in the darkness. Mrs. Isola, in endeavoring to shield the already inanimate body of Pastorino, received a stab in the abdomen.

After a long search the dead body of Antonio, the murderer's brother, was found in the well.

The cause of this terrible fury was the engagement of Gian's sister, Bianca, to marry Pastorino without his consent, although she had gained the consent of the rest of the family to the union. Bianca was a very comely girl of 20 years, with a dark Gipsy style of beauty.

FUN FOR THE FIRE LADDIES.

What Sort of Sparks and Fire They Find Unguarded Behind the Scenes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The recent scare occasioned by the burning of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, with the accompanying loss of life, has stirred up the New York authorities to make very careful examinations of the metropolitan theatres as to their means of escape in case of fire and the customs of the stage, dangerous or otherwise, during performances. The fire laddies who have been detailed to this work and who have not finished their inspection in three weeks evidently find the work a "linked sweetness long drawn out," for they seem in no great hurry to end it. Their examination is minute, it must be confessed, and extends even to the dressing-rooms and into the closets, and the piquant sights witnessed by the impressible boys as they thus burst in upon the paradise of the ballerinas' toilet are enough to set them all aflame and to put them so far out of their heads and on fire as to suggest the possible necessity of their being surrounded by wire work as well as the gaslights in the dressing-room.

Thus far in their investigations the prying firemen have assuredly found that there is more danger behind the scenes of our theatres from the fire glances of a sweet young soubrette's eye or from the "sparks" she attracts from the front than from unguarded border lights or any gas fixtures whatever. It remains to be seen whether the lads will report the fiery dangers from this source. We rather think not. But we might suggest that being firemen does necessitate their being "all on fire"; therefore keep away from those houris, boys. You have nothing to do with flashes of bright eyes; it is a baser sort of fire you have to deal with.

GLEANINGS OF GOTHAM.

Latest Dodges of the Shrewd Criminals of the Great City.

ALL the New York theatres are to be connected directly with Police Headquarters by fire alarm telegraph.

It is a common trick for husbands to abandon their immigrant families on arriving at Castle Garden, New York. Seventeen Polish families are now in this plight and have been turned over to the Commissioners of Emigration.

THE accidents on the Third Avenue Elevated Road have become so numerous of late that the directors have engaged Dr. Shine under a weekly salary to act with the functions of a coroner. His last case was on Saturday, when a man's head was cut clear off by a train.

A young man named Staples and his bride, left their home in 28th street one day two weeks ago, to take a train for down town, intending to make a cheap wedding trip over the Pennsylvania road. The bride disappeared in the station and rumor has it that she fell off the platform and was hashed up by the passing trains.

SHARPS have taken to the holiday practice of robbing small boys. The plan is to send the boy on an errand with a worthless package, the man holding the lad's new overcoat as security for his return. The boy hunts in vain for the man who has his raiment. This game has been played twenty times in a week in New York.

THE ball season has opened very lively in the metropolis. Each social affair thus far has had a bloody row to make it interesting. The last reported was that at the Germania Hall on the 19th ult., when John Barnes and James Stedman had a knife and pistol fight in the ball room for the possession of a pretty girl as a partner in a waltz.

ELIZABETH CHILDS, a famous pickpocket arrested for picking a lady's pocket in a street car last week and released on \$500 bail, has jumped it and skipped off to the West where she will doubtless be heard from shortly. She is one of the most dangerous and artful criminals that the police of this vicinity have had any dealings with. They are plainly glad to get rid of her. The man who put up the bail, however, is not so well pleased though.

Two new swindlers, Charles Mason and Jas. K. Varnes, the latter only lately arrived in Gotham from Salt Lake City, got "nipped" on their first operation after their coming. They started a "banco" game on their own account and fleeced their first victim, Mr. Lambkin, an Irish gentleman on a tour of this country, of \$1,140. He made such a hullabaloo, however, that they were caught before they could skip. They would come here to teach our thieves how to do it, and now they languish in their little cells.

BERNARD R. LEE, a contractor from Sullivan County, N. Y., was induced one night last week to attend a wrestling match in a Houston street (New York) saloon, between a white convict named John Duffy and Frank Hall, a negro. He was bound to see the sights and was piloted to this den. There he ventured to make a bet of ten dollars on the darky and produced his wallet. He was hit on the head and fell insensible. When he awoke he was in a cell in a station-house minus his \$65 overcoat and \$310 in money. No one was arrested and the man who wanted to see the sights left for Syracuse the next day with a sore head and some sad reflections.

A FEW nights ago a young lady living in Straight street, Paterson, showed some friends an elegant pair of diamond ear-rings which had been presented to her. After the party had gone she missed her jewelry, and a careful search failing to discover it, she was reluctantly compelled to believe that some of her friends must have appropriated the property, accidentally or otherwise. The suspicion got abroad, and produced bad feeling all around. Yesterday she saw her pet poodle digging vigorously in the yard, and watching him closely discovered that he was burying the ear-rings, which he had doubtless picked up off the floor where she had dropped them.

BEAUTY SETS HER SNARES IN TRADE.

The Latest Dodge of Cunning Merchants Who Have a Keen Eye to the Main Chance.

[Subject of Illustration.]

All the devices of drumming up trade throughout the country have been tried over and over again by our metropolitan merchants with an ingenuity and liberality that have resulted in great financial gains and a booming sale of goods each season. The traveling business, however, has been rather overdone during the two seasons past. Every small concern has its five or six commercial travelers roaming through the country now and the novelty has quite worn off this branch. The drummers swarm about the offices of merchants throughout the country in such numbers now and the rivalry has become so fierce that business men find them a great bore and have taken lately to the heroic policy of showing them the door and rudely slamming it in their faces. The astute trades-

man of Gotham foresees that it will not take long at this rate to bring the business of drumming up trade into such disrepute that it will be worse than useless to engage in it at all.

So in their dilemma they are prudently casting about for some means of adding fuel to their fire or of reviving the almost defunct spirit of the palmy days just after the war, when a drummer had only to take fine quarters in a first-class hotel and get all the merchants in the town boiling drunk to be able to rake in the orders for goods at the rate of a cool couple of thousand dollars a lick. Two great firms at least in New York city think they have hit upon the very idea. They have each taken two of their youngest, best looking and cheekiest salesladies and sent them out on the road with samples to work up trade among the recalcitrant merchants who have gone back on the drummers of the bifurcated garments. The ladies have done very well thus far. The sternest old hunk in trade can scarcely resist their bewitching smiles or their persuasive eloquence and an invitation to "come around to my hotel and dine with me to-day and we'll talk business over the wine, you know," when accompanied by a bewitching glance or a pretty pout, is sure to fetch the toughest old nut of the lot. To refuse to buy of such a drummer would seem a positive rudeness, even a cruelty, and none of them is going to set himself down on the record in that shape if he has to take the entire stock of the simpering and coquettish goddess of trade off her hands.

If this experiment proves as great a success this month as it has proven during the last all the boys may as well pack up their samples and come home, for beauty in petticoats will sweep the field and a merchant who buys will limit his orders by the style of beauty presented with the samples. The only rivalry possible then will be the old one between the blondes and the brunettes.

SHE PAINTED HIM WHITE.

A Divorced Wife Asserts Her Rights With a Paint-Pot and a Brickbat.

Celia King, an elegantly dressed and very handsome woman of 30 years was arrested in Chicago on the 20th ult., charged with disorderly conduct. The complainant was W. B. King, a saloon keeper of that city from whom she had been divorced. The story she told was full of incident.

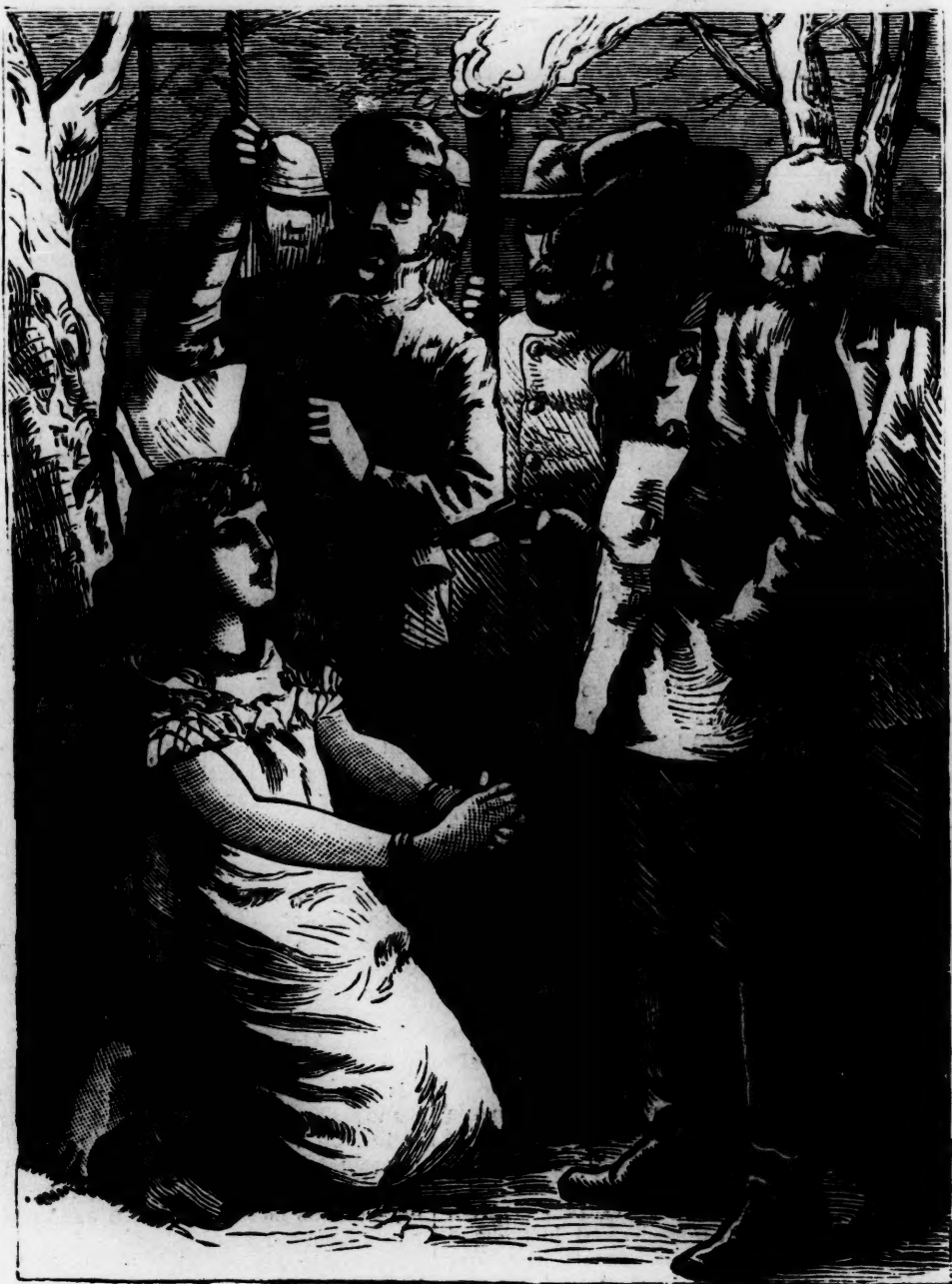
Sixteen years ago she said that she had married King. By him she had two children, a boy and a girl, who were now respectively 10 and 7 years of age. Some years ago he had begun to abuse her, and she stood it all until one year ago, when she procured a divorce at Cincinnati, where her husband was engaged in the retail whisky business. The court in granting the decree gave to her the household furniture and the custody of the two children, and bound the husband to pay alimony for the support of his family. For a time after the separation had been consummated King paid the alimony regularly every month. Then he gradually cut down the amount, and finally, when he moved to Chicago some months ago, allowed so little for the support of those whom he left behind him that the wife and mother was sorely distressed lest her little ones should not have the care and education which she desired for them. So she decided upon a personal appeal to the father. She arrived in Chicago on a Thursday, and went to where King was known to have boarded. He had moved. Then she learned that he was living at the corner of Dearborn avenue and Illinois street, and thither she bent her steps, arriving at the house before he whom she sought had arisen. Mrs. McMillan, the landlady, admitted her, and permitted her to wait till King appeared. After a wait of two hours Mr. King put in an appearance with a young woman, who was announced as Mrs. King, formerly Miss Emma McMillan, the daughter of the landlady. Mrs. King No. 1 quickly made known the object of her call. She wanted money, because it was her right, and money she must have to enable her to visit her children, who were at the convent at St. Mary's. Mr. King responded briefly that he had no money for her, and he wanted nothing more to do with her. He was now in Illinois, not in Ohio, where the decree of divorce was granted, and was not bound, he said, to give her a cent. She then attempted to take from the wall a picture of his and her boy; and he objected, threw the woman down, and finally ejected her forcibly from the house. She, with true woman instinct, picked up the nearest missile, which happened to be a brick, and threw it through the window. Then she took her departure. Later in the day, or about two o'clock in the afternoon, she made her appearance at her ex-husband's saloon, and again demanded money. He again refused, and she picked up a pot of paint which was being used in the decoration of the new "place" and threw it over King, covering him and spattering herself from head to foot. She then slapped him across the face with the paint-brush, which was soaked with the disagreeable mixture of white-lead and oil, and, in short, converted the man into an object quite ridiculous to behold. For these playful attentions she was immediately arrested.

LUDOVIC K. LOHM, of Bennington, Vt., has been found guilty of poisoning a neighbor's well with half a bucketful of Paris green.



TORNADO IN A CHURCH.

A BRIDAL PARTY BROKEN UP BY A SMALL BLIZZARD AT THE ALTAR;
MEMPHIS, TENN.



HANGING A WOMAN.

DESPERADOES FAILING TO EXTORT A CRIMINAL CONFESSION FROM A YOUNG GIRL,
HANG HER THREE TIMES AND LEAVE HER FOR DEAD; CORYDON, IND.



BOUNCING THE ROAD AGENTS.

A GANG OF ROBBERS BOARD A TRAIN NEAR CHILLICOTHE, KANSAS, BUT RECKON WITHOUT THEIR HOST AND GET SUMMARILY FIRED OFF.



CASTING GITEAU'S HEAD.

THE ASSASSIN IN THE HANDS OF THE SCULPTOR MILLS, WHO DEVELOPS SOME PHRENOLOGICAL FACTS ABOUT THE MONSTER; WASHINGTON, D. C.



HUNTING FOR FIRE.

PRYING FIRE LADDIES INSPECTING THE DRESSING-ROOMS OF OUR THEATRICAL BELLES, DISCOVER FIERY GLANCES FROM DANGEROUS EYES AND NOTHING MORE.

HUSH MONEY;

OR,

THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

CHAPTER VII.

COMMITTED FOR EXAMINATION.

When John Smith and his captors entered the station house they found the sergeant, captain, doorman, and several reporters gathered around the telegraphic instrument. That contribution of modern enlightenment to the world's benefit was in a state of excessive agitation.

Its sharp ticking filled the air and the inmates of the station house held their breaths as they listened to it. Indeed, so interested were they in its cabalistic utterances that the captain only looked around at the new comers and making them a motion to wait went on reeling the tape out of the tape cylinders with a hand that quivered with earnestness.

As he pulled it out one of the reporters read the news it bore in a calm, monotonous voice. His profession had so inured him to startling events that he was above being surprised even by a subject that interested him so seriously as a first-class sensation.

What he read, slowly and steadily, was this: "Central Office, I. A. M., Jan. 16.

"Unknown woman killed upon rear car of last down train on Metropolitan Elevated. Death resulted from terrific stab in neck. Murderer man who entered car with her at Twenty-third street station. Supposed to have dropped off between Jefferson Market and Bleecker street while train was in motion. Weapon not found. No description.

"WALLING, Superintendent."

The policemen, clutching John Smith by the arms while they listened to these words with professional interest, felt his muscles quiver in their grasp and looking up saw a charge pass swiftly over his face.

"Well," observed one, "what ails you?"

"Read that despatch over again!" cried the prisoner, addressing the reporter.

This remark drew the attention of the captain to the speaker and he said, roughly:

"We're not furnishing news for tramps here. Who is this man, officer?"

"Suspicious character, sir," replied the policeman who had arrested him, touching his cap.

"What's the charge?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

"You lie, you scoundrel," cried John Smith. "Silence!" commanded the captain.

"But—"

"Shut up."

In the meantime the sergeant had been making an entry in the blotter, recording the receipt of the headquarters despatch in due form. Now he looked up, rubbing the handle of his pen and asked the captain:

"What is this case, sir?"

"What is your name?" demanded the captain, glaring at the prisoner and drumming a tattoo on his desk with his fingers.

"John Smith," he replied, biting his lip.

"I suppose you're sure of that," observed the captain, "being as it's such an uncommon name."

"Quite sure," replied the prisoner.

"John Smith, eh?" repeated the captain, "are you the man that discovered America?"

At this witticism the officers all grinned and the reporters guffawed and nudged one another. The captain having thus established his knowledge of the history of the country he was clubbing his way to fame in rubbed his nose with a satisfied air and demanded of his subordinate:

"Have you got his name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now then, what's the charge, officer?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

"I tell you you lie," exclaimed the prisoner. The captain nodded to one of the officers and the man raised his club. But John Smith wrested his arm free and caught the weapon before it descended.

"I call you to witness, gentlemen," he said, addressing the reporters, "that I am sober, quiet and respectable and if any violence is offered me I shall never rest until I secure satisfaction for it."

The captain tugged his moustache savagely at this but made no effort to prosecute his plans of chastisement. The fact was he and several of his men had been in trouble lately for too free use of their clubs and he did not care to figure in the papers again in that connection, especially as he had arrested an editor lately and the press was anxiously waiting for an opportunity to get on.

"If you're so sober and peaceable," he growled, "suppose you give an account of yourself. What were you arrested for?"

"Nothing."

"Of course," remarked the captain with elaborate sarcasm, "that's what you all are. But what sort of nothing is yours, for instance?"

"That's more than I can tell."

"Were you so drunk that you didn't know what you were doing?"

"I've done nothing at all. I went into a restaurant to get something to eat and had some words with the proprietor."

"What about?"

John Smith shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose he didn't think me genteel enough to do justice to his bill of fare," he replied.

The captain eyed him with a grim and contemptuous smile.

"Well, I don't blame him for that," he said. "Had you money enough in your pocket to pay for what you ordered?"

"Had he, sir?" exclaimed the officer who had arrested him, "just look at this boodle."

And he tumbled the bulky roll of notes, he had taken from the prisoner's pocket on the desk.

The by-standers gave vent to a simultaneous exclamation of astonishment, and the eyes of the captain snapped.

"Well, upon my word!" he ejaculated, with an involuntary movement as if to pick the money up and pocket it. "You travel well heeled."

"He travels to take care of it, too," observed the officer.

And he laid the blood-besmeared knife on the desk beside the money as he spoke.

This time the captain did not give way to his amazement. His domineering and brutal manner changed to one of grave authority.

He was a good officer, though his position had made a tyrant of him, and as soon as he had appreciated the seriousness of the business before him, he forgot all but his desire to do professional justice to it.

Bending a severe and undeviating glance upon the prisoner, he said:

"This money was found on you?"

"It was," replied John Smith.

"And the knife?"

"Yes."

"Do they belong to you?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get them?"

"I found them."

"Where?"

"In the street."

"To-night?"

"Not an hour ago."

"In what street did you find them?"

"In Sixth avenue."

As these queries were propounded and the replies made, the sergeant entered them upon the blotter. The captain paused now, to give him a chance to catch up. For a moment the scratching of his pen and the breathing of the people in the room were the only sounds audible.

In that moment John Smith saw the peril of his position pass before his mind's eye like a picture in a glass.

What explanation could he make; what excuse could he give for his possession of the damnable objects on the desk?

The truth?

Who would believe it, save with such sustaining proof as he could not hope to give?

At this juncture the scratching of the pen ceased, and the captain's voice rose once more.

"Your name is not John Smith?" he said.

"I have said it."

"But that doesn't make it so."

"It's the only name I have to give you."

"Very well, where do you live?"

The prisoner made no reply.

"What is your business?"

"I have none."

"Where did you get this money?"

"I have already told you."

The scratching of the pen again. Then the captain resumed:

"If you want to make any statement, prisoner, you are at liberty to make it."

"I have none to make," was the answer, doggedly, and in a suppressed voice. "I have told you all I have to tell."

"Very well, my man; you will have a chance to say more in court. Take him below."

John Smith, still passively submitting, was shouldered out of the room, in the wake of the doorman with his clashing ring of keys.

The captain, counting the money over carefully, sealed it deliberately up in a big official envelope and locked it up, together with the knife, in the safe. The reporters, who had been taking copious notes now made a descent on him with a torrent of questions, but he said, as he began to write:

"It won't do, gentlemen. I won't be interviewed. You've got story enough for to-night, so go off and print it."

The scribes after a final effort to obtain some satisfaction, went out hurriedly to catch their papers in time. The door having closed behind them, the captain handed what he had written to the sergeant, who had seated himself at the telegraphic instrument, and in a few minutes more the receiver at Police Headquarters was ticking off this message:

Fifteenth Precinct, 1:30 A. M.

"WALLING, Superintendent:

Man arrested at I. A. M. Refuses real name and address. Armed with blood-stained knife and carrying \$480 in banknotes. Says he found them in Sixth avenue. Facts connect him with murder on Metropolitan Elevated. Held for examination. Potts, Capt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Decatur, Ala., on the 20th of Dec., Turner Wood was murdered by his wife and her negro lover, named Barks.

RECORDS OF CRIME.

Novel and Remarkable Deeds and Devices of the Lawless Classes.

At Gunnison, Col., on the 15th ult., A. W. Harley was shot dead by George Cruzen, who claims self-defence.

AMABLE LECOMTE of Minneapolis, Minn., is under arrest on a charge of having attempted to commit rape on the step-mother of his wife, a woman 66 years old.

W. C. BEHLING of Milwaukee, who pleaded guilty last week to having married two women and living with them at the same time in that city, was sentenced on Friday to two years' imprisonment at Waupun.

TERTULLUS THEAL of Spruce Lake, near St. Johns, New Brunswick, who has been for some time on trial for the murder of his wife, was last Wednesday found guilty of manslaughter, with a recommendation to mercy.

AN ex-criminal who was put off one of the Lake Shore trains on the 16th at Delta, 25 miles east of Toledo, lay low all night and placed a rail on the track, throwing off a locomotive of a passenger train, but doing no further damage. The ex-convict is under arrest.

WHILE City Marshal Stondenmeyer was entering his quarters at El Paso, Texas, at three o'clock on the morning of the 16th ult., he was fired at in the darkness by an unknown assassin, but was not hit and returned the shot from his revolver. A pleasant place is Texas to live in.

At St. Clair, Mich., bank robbers made a raid on two successive nights, the 16th and 17th ult. The first night they were frightened off and got nothing. The second night they were met by the watchman and a friend of his and got a sound drubbing, but made their escape.

JAMES MARTELLE of Des Moines told his wife not to visit the residence of Frank McCreery, because he was jealous of Frank. She went, however, on the 16th ult. and her husband went after her. In the row that ensued McCreery shot and killed Martelle. He puts in a plea of self-defence.

THE Mollie Maguire revelations during the murder trial progressing last week at Pittsburgh, Pa., prove that the dangerous organization is in full blast in the coal regions. So strong is the feeling against Patrick Dolan, McFarlane and others accused of the murder of Healy that a motion has been made for a change of venue.

On the 16th ult. A. D. Hopkins of St. Johnsbury, Vt., who has had three trials on a charge of forgery and two convictions in transactions as agent for the Fire Association of Philadelphia, has been on trial at the present term of the county court for larceny of funds belonging to the Fire Association. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

At Hot Springs, Ark., on the night of the 16th ult. Patrick Lanaghan, a laborer, supposed to be insane, went to the farm house of an old man named Semple and murdered him, shockingly mutilating the body. He also severely wounded Miss Semple, who was found in the morning some distance from the house. She will probably recover.

In the United States District Court of Philadelphia on the 16th the following counterfeiters of or dealers in counterfeit money were sentenced: John Sherman to five years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$500; Francis Harbauer, two years and three months in the penitentiary and a fine of \$100; and William Williams, four months in the penitentiary and a fine of \$400.

On the night of the 18th inst. Dr. Augustus De Foe of McLeansboro, was fired at by an unknown assailant while he was undressing to go to bed. The would-be assassin had put the pistol to the window-pane and just at the instant of firing the doctor leaned forward to take off one of his socks and the ball grazed the back part of his head and shoulders and striking the hollow part of a sheet-iron stove passed entirely through one part and fell to the bottom.

At Mendota, Ill., on the night of the 18th ult., Mike Boyd was caught burglarizing a store. Policeman Hart attempted to arrest him but he ran off and took refuge in his father's house. The officer knocked at the door and Mike opened it. He was armed with a shotgun and gave Hart the contents of it fair in the face, most of the shot lodging in and about the right eye. Hart will die, and Mike, having been somewhat idiotic as a boy, will be defended on the ground of insanity.

FIVE traveling doctors last week struck Wabash, Ind., and attempted to work the town, but as the people had been warned through the newspapers to have nothing to do with them their scheme was a failure. This crowd was headed by Dr. J. W. McMenamy, who pretends to be from Lafayette. McMenamy has five assistants who travel about the country, find where there are invalids and then report to McMenamy, who visits the sick, verbally guarantees a cure and then secures the ailing man's note for any amount agreed on. When next heard from the note is in a bank vault, the "doctor" having gotten the money on it. This was the plan McMenamy worked in Madison county until it became too hot for him. He then moved to Wabash and made

great preparations to do business. One evening last week he returned from the country in a big hurry and terribly excited. Hastily ordering his horse and buggy out he left and has not since been heard from. The reason of his hurry was that a sheriff from one of the southern counties was on his trail.

THE BAD MAN OF OMAHA.

Arndt the Socialist and his Misdeeds Under Investigation.

Omaha, Nebraska, has been in a constant ferment for a long time over the doings of August Arndt, the Socialist, who is suspected of several murders and is accused of various crimes and irregularities of social deportment. He was suspected of complicity in a murder now undergoing inquiry by the United States officials in Omaha, and hearing this, threatened to kill Judge Dundy, whereupon he was arrested and indicted. Arndt's wife was in Omaha all last week looking out for his interests. She was first the wife of a William Edwards, who went to reside in Cresco, Iowa, in 1867.

In 1873 Edwards obtained a divorce from her on the grounds of irregularity. Mrs. Edwards had by this time become somewhat notorious and after Edwards obtained a divorce from her she engaged in keeping a disreputable house. She subsequently married a man named Baker who soon left her, and then she was married to one or two other men, each of whom deserted her after living with her two or three months. In 1876 the court house in that county was burned and all records were destroyed in the flames, among which was this decree of divorce obtained by Edwards. Arndt first appeared there about January, 1880. About the first of February, Edwards, who had lived by himself after separating from his wife, was found dead in his shop, his hands and feet tied together and a strap from a hook above around his neck. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide. As soon as Edwards was dead, Mrs. Edwards came forward with a claim for his property, which amounted to \$17,000 or \$18,000.

Other heirs of Edwards in England contested the claim of Mrs. Edwards upon the ground of divorce, and contended that Edwards was murdered instead of committing suicide. They also offered \$100 reward for the conviction of the murderer, but nothing was ever done in the case. About three weeks after Edwards was found dead, Arndt and Mrs. Edwards were married, and Arndt remained in and about Cresco during most of the spring and summer of 1880, taking an active part in the contest over the property. Mrs. Edwards (now Mrs. Arndt) was finally defeated in her claim for the estate and Arndt carried the case for her to the Supreme Court, where it is now awaiting argument.

MAKING MATRIMONY PAY.

A Shrewd Drummer Who Made His Father-in-law Put Up For His Wedding Presents.

A fast young drummer of Cincinnati, named Oscar Bridges, has been for some time in the employ of Clement Hellebush, of 77 West 4th street, that city. During the past six months, the drummer sold between \$18,000 and \$22,000 worth of jewelry for his employer.

He told his employer a week ago that he wished to resign, as he was going to be married to Miss Coons, an estimable young lady of Findlay, Ohio, and did not wish to travel after he became a married man. When he came to settle up he was short a thousand dollars, which he could not account for. The employer suspected that he had been robbed but held his peace. When he learned, however, that his employe was about to open a rival jewelry store on his own account on the same block with him he thought it about time he assisted himself.

The drummer's partner happened to drop in Hellebush's store one day last week, and chanced to show a watch which had been presented him by Bridges. This Hellebush recognized as a watch that had not been accounted for by the defaulting clerk. Bridges acknowledged his "crookedness" and said if Hellebush would only keep quiet he would get the old man, his father-in-law, to put up for the full amount of his shortage. And he did. The father-in-law paid all in full and the bridegroom went his way rejoicing.

A MATRIMONIAL WHIRLWIND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the 14th ult. a terrific whirlwind passed over Memphis, Tenn., coming from the west, and struck the city with an awful force. The track of the tornado was about 150 yards wide. The house of a Mr. Brown was blown down, and himself and five children were buried in the ruins. Mr. Brown, who was sick, was taken out nearly dead. The children escaped without serious injury. The house of a Mrs. Baker was partially destroyed and that of a W. M. McCarver was wrecked, as were also those of Samuel Scott and John Desfield. Steamers from up river were delayed. In the course of the storm was the 1st Congregational Church, in which unfortunately a wedding was in progress at the time. The big wind caught the bride and bridegroom and bridesmaids, and gave them such a severe tussling that the wedding must be postponed for three months at least and the church cannot be rebuilt in three years for lack of funds.

LOVE'S LUNACIES.

Miseries, Hatreds and Crimes Engendered by the Tender Passion.

Latest Affairs of the Heart that Have Resulted in Slaughter or Scandal all Around.

This week there is the usual record of lovers' freaks and crimes to lay before our readers, and indeed the troubles occasioned throughout the country from affairs of the heart are more intensified in the nature than those arising from the baser motives of revenge or gain. Round and about Chicago as an emotional centre of the land there is of course a more or less brilliant chapter of broken hopes, broken hearts and "busted" affections generally, with prospective suits for damages and appeals to the law courts. The further we get away from that divorce centre, however, the ruder becomes the love and the more disastrous the consequences, until out on the Pacific Coast, where it develops into downright murder from pure affection.

In the nastiest case on record, the divorce suit of Pray vs. Pray, in Lewiston, Ill., an end was arrived at during the past week, when the custody of the children was given to Mrs. Pray and Mr. Pray found his prayers to that end in vain. The charges brought against each other by this couple during the trial were of the most beastly description.

In Topeka, Kansas, a scandal affecting the best circles of society came out in the courts on Christmas week. Mr. John B. Cole, a leading merchant, made complaint against Louis N. Burns, a well-to-do butcher, charging him with attempting to blackmail. Burns some time ago brought suit against his wife for divorce and Cole charges that Burns has been sending letters demanding money, threatening, if not paid, that he would make public a charge that Cole had had criminal intercourse with his wife. Cole is a member of the city government and his family hold a high social position.

About eight months ago there arrived in Evansville, Ind., a young woman from Louisville, whose attractive appearance caused no little complimentary comment on the steamer down the river. She was rather petite in figure, with a pretty face, a classical neck and head, surmounted by a rich mass of beautiful blonde hair. She was elegantly dressed, and the hackman whom she approached was not a little shocked at her asking to be driven to a famous bagnio of the town. She was accepted as a boarder and assigned rooms, giving her name as Lottie Earl. She became quite a favorite with those who frequent such places, counting her friends by the score. She seems to have been quite modest and retiring, which created little stir outside of her somewhat circumscribed sphere. On last Thursday a finely dressed, aristocratic-looking young gentleman arrived on the steamer from Louisville. He at once hastened to the above named house, and met Miss Lottie for the first time since last July, when she was up to Louisville to attend the races. During the afternoon, he in all honesty made a proposal of marriage to her. At first she was doubtful of his attentions, but after supper he returned, renewing his importuning. She told him in earnest she would marry him; and taking her at her word, before she might change her mind, he hailed a hack. The pair, getting in, were whirled to the Little Lottie Restaurant. He then procured a license, the parties adjourned to Squire Day's office, and were married. Now all Evansville is trying to find out who and what the "darned fool" from Evansville is.

"Mr. OFFICER, please, oh, please protect me!" This was at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, St. Louis, on the evening of Dec. 20. Turning around Policeman Finn found himself confronted by a well dressed, young and strapping man, who appeared to be laboring under great excitement. A sweeping glance of the surroundings failed to show the officer anything threatening and he looked at the applicant in a quizzical way and asked, "What is the matter?" "Matter enough," responded the individual, "there's a man that wants to kill me; he threatened my life and I know he has got a pistol in his pocket," and while he spoke he pointed to a stout elderly gentleman, granger-like in appearance, who stood a few feet away gazing intently and with evident interest at the officer and his interlocutor. "Why does he want to kill you?" asked the mystified policeman. "I don't know, but he's been following me all day and I want protection." The man's manner was very earnest and the officer concluded that he had better take the matter in hand. Approaching the rural gentleman he asked him if he knew the scared individual. "Yes," answered the old gentleman. "Have you got a revolver?" "Yes, sir," and the old man turned over a solid looking iron to the officer. Finn was more mystified than ever and being undecided he requested both men to accompany him to the station. There the young man who anxiously sought protection gave his name as C. S. Coates and said he was a United States surveyor at Edwardsville, Ill. The other prisoner gave his name as Thomas S. Davis, and it subsequently transpired that he was a wealthy farmer from Illinois. The latter was very communicative and said that he was suing

for a divorce from his wife and that Coates was responsible for his domestic unhappiness. He denounced Coates in unmeasured terms and said that he was wanted in Edwardsville, where he promised him a first-class circus if he would only agree to go. Pistols were taken away from both lover and husband and they were permitted to go in opposite directions. The old man said as he started off, however, that he would plug him full of holes yet if it took a hundred years.

The court at Freeport, Ill., settled a case of the romantic sort on the 19th of December. It involved the love of a boarding-school miss with a student, their elopement and a marriage and an immediate suit for divorce. The young lady involved is Miss Rhoda E. Osborne, aged 19, who was a pupil at Mount Morris Academy, Ill. Her father is Webster Osborne, a well-to-do farmer living near Winnebago. At the school she became acquainted with a student, John J. Graham, a resident of Dakota, Stevenson county, about 19 years of age. The parties were intimate and during their stay at school they were together a great portion of the time. After a while Graham returned to his home and Miss Osborne to hers. A correspondence was inaugurated and judging from the letters that passed between them they were very much in love, so much so that an engagement was effected. Both were happy for a while, but finally the young lady became tired of love's young dream and, it is alleged, some time in February last wrote Graham a letter in which she requested him to forget the past and not call on her again. He answered by stating that there would a time arrive when she would marry him, and armed with a marriage license he started for her house. On the 25th of Feb., having obtained her consent to go riding, he drove to the city and compelled her to marry him in the office of a justice of the peace. After the ceremony Graham accompanied her to Winnebago and then procured a horse and buggy and drove home. She claims that from that moment she denied any legal marriage and that she is in no way bound to Graham by said pretended ceremony. The lady's father came and being a man of means and prominence at once instituted proceedings to declare the marriage null and void, employing the best legal talent in that section. Graham claims that the proceedings were legitimate; that he was engaged to the young lady for several months and that when they went to Freeport she did so voluntarily; that when before Justice Green in the office she noticed that he was on the wrong side and jerked him around on short notice, laughing heartily at the time, the magistrate joining in. Graham also alleges that Miss Osborne felt perfectly happy after the ceremony and when they parted after arriving home in the evening they were good friends. After listening to the evidence the jury decided in favor of the girl and poor Graham, robbed of his fair young bride, left the court room with the most dismal look imaginable. He is probably convinced now that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.

HOW THEY FOOLED THE OLD MAN.

Two Eloping Lovers Engage a Servant and Her Sweetheart as a Decoy.

A New Orleans letter of the 16th of December says: The talk of the town is an elopement that proved to be a "Comedy of Errors." A rich old creole opposed the marriage of his only daughter with a poor artist. One evening there was a carriage drawn cautiously up to the corner of the grand boulevard Esplanade. There was an air of mystery in its movements. The driver looked around and then, apparently from some signal, fixed his eyes at the window of a mansion very little distant from his halting place. A female form, cloaked and veiled, threw open the casement, at the same moment bidding the driver to advance. He did so, and when the carriage stood immediately at the door, beneath the lighted window, a tall and handsome man jumped out of the vehicle and entered the house.

Shortly after this two cloaked figures passed hurriedly down the steps of the principal entrance and hastily entered the carriage, closed the door and requested the driver to "speed like lightning." An old gentleman, the proprietor of the mansion and the father of the artist's innamorata, was a spectator of the whole affair, and, gliding softly from a private door, mounted the rumble of the carriage and found himself whirled on the road to Milneburg, the lake port of the Mobile packet. The old fellow had caught them. The lovers were in the carriage, but he was on the box.

On rattled the carriage to the steamboat landing. Down jumped the father and opened the door. What did he see? Could it be? Yes, it was his own hostler and his daughter's maid. The affrighted servants descended from the carriage, and in an agony which was so exquisitely comic that the disappointed paterfamilias could not refrain from smiling, fell on their knees and begged forgiveness.

The prevailing mania for eloping had seized them. Seeing a carriage before the door, and being under orders from the millionaire to watch the artist's movements, they thought to thwart the elopement of their mistress by using the artist's carriage for their own. Meanwhile the artist and the lady were being married at the house of a friend.

THE MURDER WAVE.

A Terrific Blizzard of Crime Sweeping over the Country from all Directions.

STILL the records of murder and criminal outrage are swelling.

At Charleston, S. C., a party of moonshiners shot and killed Adam D. Wilson while he was sitting at the supper table with his family. He had been a witness against them in whiskey cases.

From Texas and all through the West and Southwest the accounts of slaughter come in such profusion as to be bewildering and beyond detail. A terrible fortnight to end the old year.

Then from every section of the country there comes in a stream of telegraphic gore or tales of shocking outrage. L. E. Bevans, a ruined merchant of Port Jervis, N. Y., shot himself through the head on the 19th.

The cowboys who raided Caldwell, Kansas, escaped, though closely pursued by the citizens, and have been occupied for four days in waylaying stage coaches containing judges, sheriffs, citizens or officials who have incurred their enmity.

BENJAMIN LYNCH of Greencastle, Ind., was defeated in a court wrangle with his wife and she was awarded a divorce. On the 19th his two step-sons named Young waylaid the old man and beat his brains out with clubs to make the divorce of their mother more complete. There had been signs of reconciliation and remarriage between the pair.

LEOPOLD BOUVIER hanged himself one day last week in a room in police headquarters, N. Y., where he had been confined pending an examination of a charge of forging the checks of business men for large amounts. He said he could not bear to witness the humiliation that would ensue to his children on the discovery of his guilt. His connections were among the best circles, his wife being a cousin of General Hancock.

In New York city especially the murder mania has been raging most violently. Within a fortnight every variety of human slaughter, including knife, pistol and poison, has been sampled. In 48th street, Dec. 18, soon after the announcement that one policeman had murdered another, a sick and starving Bohemian carpenter who had been married to his young wife only a year ended his troubles by beating out her brains and hanging himself to a stove pipe in his wretched room. A Jerseyman was pelted with potatoes in a restaurant near Washington Market the same day and then set upon by roughs, who trampled him so badly that his life is despaired of. A saloon keeper at 294 Broome street was fatally stabbed the same night. A laborer named Richard Kelch, aged 36, committed suicide by shooting himself the same fatal day and William Foster, aged 40, killed himself with poison. A woman named Mrs. Dudley Remsen, a widow with three children, tried to kill her offspring, but they escaped her and she succeeded in hanging herself. A fatal day was the 18th of December indeed. Sindram, the murderer of Mrs. Crave, was sentenced, too, on that day to be hanged on the 10th of February and coolly thanked the judge who consigned him to the gallows.

THEY CALLED IT RABBIT HUNTING.

How Two Pretty Michigan Wives Broke up Their Own and a Dozen Huntsmen's Homes.

At Cassopolis, Mich., a first-class family named Shanefelt which has acquired much property and owns three or four farms in the vicinity has had a sort of moral dynamite explosion in its midst. The two children of the old Shanefelts, Ed and Will, married two years ago two young girls of Oberlin, who were schoolmates and bosom friends, and returning settled each on a farm given them by their father, Henry. Near Ed's house was a rabbit warren much frequented by sportsmen from Cassopolis. All went well until one day two weeks ago, when Will one morning told his wife he was going away to buy some sheep, and took his departure with a kiss. He went direct to Ed's house and took his brother's wife away for a ride in his buggy, saying he wanted her to go to town with him to select a new dress for his, Will's, wife.

They were absent a long time and towards dusk Ed went to William's house to compare notes with Mrs. Will. There the discovery was made that William had been lying and suspicions that he was up to devilment were aroused in the breasts of Mrs. Will and her brother-in-law. The two repaired to Ed's house to await the arrival of the absent ones. When they got in there was a scene. Mrs. Will accused them of scandalous conduct and for a while a genuine hair-pulling becommenced. Personal strife was happily averted, but from the reports which have percolated through the old man to the public the linguistic tournament which followed must have been of a dangerous character.

Mrs. Ed, so it is stated, becoming enraged at Mrs. Will, insinuated that she was getting suddenly very particular and that after running around together for a year or two, as they had done, she had no business kicking up a row. Mutual crimination and recrimination followed and during the dialogue the names of

Levi J. Reynolds, ex-sheriff of Cass county; Wm. Sears, a Presbyterian deacon and farmer of wealth and standing; M. H. Myers, a dry-goods merchant; W. D. Shelby, a druggist; C. H. Kingsbury, cashier of the Cassopolis National bank; Dr. F. P. Hoy, homeopathist, and Marshal Howard, an attorney, are understood to have been lugged in by one or the other and accusations of irregularity with them made Mrs. Edward Shanefelt is said to have been particularly venomous and, to add weight to her testimony, implicated herself as well as her sister-in-law in naughty goings-on with the rabbit hunters. Old man Shanefelt tried to patch up a peace but Mrs. Ed had her blood up and acknowledged that she and Will had registered at the hotel as man and wife and had passed the day there and moreover that they had "had a good time." Rabbit hunting has suddenly become unpopular in that section of Michigan since this give-away of the huntsmen by the frill wives.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY BROOKLYN!

A Pretty Norwalk Widow Says a Young Beau Did, and He Says He Didn't—Marry Her.

Annie Hoadley, aged 25, a beautiful and blooming widow of Norwalk, Conn., met in that town, two summers ago, a fascinating, Brooklyn, L. I., young man—the regular out-and-out Heights society, Fulton Ferry "mashing" young man—named Thomas W. Griffiths. Tommy was sweet on the widow, and the mash was reciprocal. He was wealthy and used to drive a dog cart and talk with a foreign lisp which it takes wealth and culture to acquire, and the fair young widow found it convenient to come to New York to do her shopping frequently and always resided in Brooklyn during her trips. Last May Tommy went off on a jaunt to Europe. In October, Mr. Griffiths, while abroad, received a letter from Annie's brother-in-law, Mr. Johnston, notifying him that she had given birth to a child, and that she had declared it was his (Griffiths'), but that they had been secretly married.

Mr. Johnston wanted Tommy to keep quiet on the marriage question, guaranteeing that he should not be troubled by the lady nor obliged to support the child. After the proper time had elapsed, Mr. Johnston said a suit for divorce would be brought and the pair would be separated.

But Brooklyn Tommy was "fly," and replied that he wasn't married and he didn't propose to "give himself away" to the dear girl by acknowledging such a dreadful thing as matrimony. Nevertheless the marriage notice was published in a Norwalk paper on Oct. 29, and now the lady is suing for a divorce in the City Court of Brooklyn, under the name of Anna S. Griffiths. When the suit was announced, several ladies turned pale and two fainted. Great revelations of the secrets of Brooklyn society are expected.

A WOMAN HANGED BY RUFFIANS.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Indiana is infested by a gang known as the "Knights of the Switch," who generally use whips to discipline such citizens as may chance to arouse their displeasure, or fail to contribute to their gains. On the 15th ult. they surrounded the house of Philip Borden, near Corydon, Ind., to the number of thirty, all masked and armed with rawhides, and taking him out beat him most brutally, on the suspicion, as alleged, that he had been acting immorally in his household. The next night the same party reappeared, and seizing his nineteen-year-old step-daughter, dragged her out of the house and threatened her with death if she did not confess all the enormities alleged against Borden. She refused to reveal anything, and they put a rope about her neck to frighten her. Still she was stubborn; so they strung her up to the limb of a tree and let her hang until she was unconscious. Then they lowered her and when she revived put their questions again. Still she refused and again she was strung up by the neck. This was repeated three times, and then they left her for dead. She recovered her senses under medical care, but will die. No evidence can be obtained against the masked ruffians, although they are supposed to be the neighbors in the immediate vicinity.

SUICIDE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Joseph Chadwick Hendle, an Englishman, and a graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons, was employed as a school teacher in Woodlands, sixty miles from Winnipeg, Manitoba. At the close of the day's session a few days ago he said to the pupils: "All those who wish a new school teacher hold up their hands." Not a hand was raised. Waiting a moment, he again addressed them, telling them to go home and study their lessons thoroughly, as that was the last time he would teach them. He then went to his desk and wrote on a piece of paper which he put in his desk, which he locked and put the key in his pocket. Then drawing forth a small vial he drank its contents, turned and walked toward the door, staggering like a drunken man before the affrighted children. At length some of them ran and summoned the neighbors, who hurried to the scene, but only reached the school-house in time to see him in his last agonies. Domestic trouble was said to be the cause.



HELEN DINGEON

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

Lieut. Geo. W. De Long, U. S. N.

We present in this week's issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* an excellent portrait of George W. De Long, U. S. N., the gallant young officer who commanded the Bennett expedition to the Arctic regions, on the steamer *Jeannette*, which was given and fitted out for that purpose with characteristic liberality by the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. The expedition started on her quest for the North Pole on the 8th of July, 1879, from San Francisco, and was not heard of from that time until Dec. 20, 1881, when it was learned that the vessel had been crushed in the ice in June, 1881, and that the crew had taken to three boats to make their escape. Two of these boats, containing Lieut. De Long and several of his officers and crew arrived in a pitiable condition at the mouth of the Lena river, in Northern Siberia and were hospitably received, but the third boat is yet to be heard from. Lieut. De Long was selected to command the expedition because of his rare fitness for the task. He was a man of magnificent physique and iron will, and had made several voyages in the Arctic seas by way of Baffin's Bay. He had every hope of reaching the Pole by Behring's Strait, which was the route selected, and doubtless made the most persistent efforts to do so. Lieut. De Long got the rudiments of his education in a Brooklyn, L. I., public school, and the lady principal is unreserved in her praises of his intelligence and persistency as a school boy. She says she always thought he would make a hero of himself.

The "Full Moons" in a Row.

The Knights of Columbia are a western secret organization of colored men. Two lodges in St. Louis used the same hall, and, owing to a misunderstanding, they both met for "work" on the same evening. High Sovereign Holland of Missouri Union Lodge was seated on his throne, arrayed in purple regalia, when High Sovereign Andrews of the Future Great Lodge entered and demanded the place. Both were armed with big swords, and with these a fierce combat was fought. The members joined the fray, the throne was demolished, and the police had to break in to restore peace.

J. H. Stoddart.

It is only a few years since this admirable actor was a comparatively unknown impersonator of character parts. Since then he has borne a great share in securing the runs of several of the most successful pieces presented at one of the leading play-houses of the country.

Since his connection with the Union Square Company, Mr. Stoddart has become identified with some parts which will hold a lasting place in dramatic history. His *Perre Michel*, especially, ranks with the finest stage characterizations of the genera-



J. H. STODDART.

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

tion. A role in which he always assumed high professional rank and secured an enviable share of popularity, was that of *Money Penny*, the lawyer in the production of Boucicault's "Long Strike" at the same theatre. As *Seth Preen*, in the current Union Square success, "The Lights o' London," he is repeating his previous triumphs.

Helen Dingeon.

Since her translation from the church choir to a place among the five ladies and gentlemen who produced "The Brook," under the collective title of "Saulsbury's Troubadours," some years back, Helen Dingeon has steadily won her way to popularity and assured success upon the stage.

Endowed lavishly with those personal charms which are such a great factor in dramatic success nowadays, a charming singer and an intelligent and spirited actress, Miss Dingeon may look forward to a pleasant prospect of professional triumphs. Her recent appearance at the Casino here, confirmed her hold upon metropolitan audiences, and gave surety that the stage owed another of those debts to the church which, in the eyes of the strait-laced who regard the play-house as a trap of Satan, it can never repay.

Esposito the Brigand.

A strange story is told in connection with the arrest at New Orleans of the bandit Esposito. An artist was the guest of an Italian prince, and in a raid on the Prince's villa was captured and taken to the mountains. Esposito, at first loth to believe that his men had made such an error in capturing a beggarly artist instead of the wealthy Prince, commanded the artist to draw his picture. In short order the bandit's face and figure were sketched on a piece of paper. Subsequently the artist was ordered to write a letter to the Prince, begging for ransom, which accidentally was written on the reverse side of the

paper bearing the bandit's picture. The artist wanted to tear off that portion, to which the bandit objected, saying that it might alter the general bad opinion of his appearance. The ransom was forwarded and generously returned to the artist by the bandit, but the letter and the picture were preserved. When the Hennesseys struck Esposito's trail in New Orleans, to be sure of his identity, an artist was employed to sketch him at the first opportunity. The sketch was forwarded to Italy, compared with the sketch made by the captive artist, and thus the chain of evidence against him was completed and the brigand was convicted and sentenced for life. It will be remembered that he was the ruffian who cut off the ears of an English nobleman and then sent them to his wife in a letter.



LIEUT. GEORGE W. DE LONG, U. S. N.,

COMMANDER OF THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR REGIONS.



ROW IN THE "FULL MOONS."

TWO LODGES OF A NEGRO SECRET ORDER MEET ON THE SAME NIGHT FOR "WORK" AND INVENT A NEW DEGREE; ST. LOUIS, MO.

Murdered by Mutineers.

The British ship *Resolute* arrived on her way to New Orleans and was boarded on the 21st of Dec., nine miles below the city by Captain Mike Farrell and a strong detachment of harbor police, who took possession of the vessel and arrested seventeen of the crew on a charge of mutiny. When asked where the Captain was, they replied that he had jumped overboard at sea and was drowned. The facts as afterwards told were: The *Resolute* was on a voyage from Rio de Janeiro to Valparaiso, but fifty-one days ago the crew mutinied, overpowered the captain and officers and put them in irons in the cabin. Being unable to navigate the ship after trying two days, they amused themselves by Captain Nicholls, and finally, it is said, forced him to walk the plank into the sea, with the manacles still on his wrists and a heavy weight tied to his ankles. This the ring-leaders deny. They say that after the Captain had been a prisoner in his cabin two days he managed to break out and leaped overboard. A very likely story. After the Captain had been disposed of the mutineers forced the officers to abandon the idea of making their original port of destination, and made them point for New Orleans, thinking they might escape when they once touched land. In this they were mistaken and the whole party is now in jail awaiting trial for mutiny and murder.

A Female Convict's Fury.

The story of the female convict, Pearl Read, of New York, who cropped her hair, put on boys' clothes, going out on a 4th of July drunk in Kingston, Canada, and was sent up for two years, has already been told in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, but how after remaining there for nearly six months she finally betrayed herself is now brought out for the first time. It



THE CAPTAIN WALKS THE PLANK.

FERIBLE CRIMES OF THE MUTINOUS CREW OF THE BRITISH SHIP "RESOLUTE" ON A VOYAGE TO NEW ORLEANS, LA.

day after that William A. Hall, chief clerk of Controller Baker, took flight. This skedaddle was occasioned by a query addressed by an alderman at a meeting to the Controller, requiring information as to the fact that one of his clerks was living at the rate of \$10,000 a year on a salary of \$1,500. This alarmed Hall, who took it all to himself, and "scotched." It is said that other clerks in public offices in Newark are also packing up their traps for an early departure, since an investigation of accounts all around has been ordered.

Daniel Watson, Murderer.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has offered, through Samuel L. Givin, Chief of Police of that city, a reward of \$500 for the arrest of Daniel Watson, alias George Clark, alias "Little Dan," who killed Bernard McMahon on the 9th of Dec. while trying to rob the latter's house.

Officer Bernard Fitzpatrick.

With this issue is presented the portrait of Bernard Fitzpatrick, a member of the New York police force who, on Sunday Dec. 18, brutally murdered a fellow officer, as described in another column. The murderer was a frequenter of the low dance houses of the east side, and was well-known in the Bowery dives. His father, Alderman Fitzpatrick, is a printer by trade and a very respectable man. Wishing to reform his dissipated son, he had him appointed to the police force; but this seemed to only confirm him in his evil ways. After shooting Officer Norton he remained in hiding until the 21st of December, when his friends secured counsel for him, and on legal advice, he surrendered himself, and was locked up in the Tombs. Both before and after he got on the police Fitzpatrick was considered a hard case.



OFFICER BERNARD FITZPATRICK,
MURDERER OF PATROLMAN NORTON, N. Y. CITY.

appears that learning that her lover, who had promised to wait two years to marry her, was about to marry another charmer, she became restive and wanted to get out. She refused to submit to prison discipline, and attacked the keepers, knocking one of them down and seriously injuring another. In the desperate fight that ensued her shirt was torn to shreds and the astounding discovery of her sex was made. As a man she had been considered the toughest of the lot. That was the astounding thing, considering her meekness in female apparel



FREDERICK A. PALMER,
CITY AUDITOR OF NEWARK, N. J.; DEFAULTER.

Frederick A. Palmer, Defaulter.

From Newark, N. J., the old, old story. Another official has made away with a big stake of the money entrusted to him. This time it is Frederick A. Palmer, the City Auditor of Accounts. He confesses to a defalcation of Newark city bonds to the amount of \$125,000 and applied for lodgings in the jail without waiting for the police to hunt him up. And he is contrite, too, and weeps. It was learned the next day that forgery had been added to fraud, and the next



DAVID WATSON,
MURDERER OF BERNARD MCMAHON; PHILA., PA.



FREAK OF A WESTERN SAWBONES.

HE OVERWHELMS HIS RIVALS BY DRIVING A PAIR OF ELKS ON HIS VISITS TO HIS PATIENTS; STURGEON, MO.



A FEMALE CONVICT'S FURY.

IN HER RAGE SHE ATTACKS HER JAILER AND DURING THE STRUGGLE BETRAYS HER SEX; TORONTO, CAN.

SPORTING NEWS.

Important Notice.

Mr. James Magowan, formerly of the POLICE GAZETTE, has been dismissed from our employment and is no longer connected with this paper in any capacity. All communications intended for the Sporting Department should be addressed to Wm. E. Harding, Sporting Editor.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor.

HANLAN and Ross have agreed to row June 30, 1882.

CRICKMORE, the conqueror of Hindoo, has given way in his hind postern.

BRICELAND and Boli, Pittsburg oarsmen, propose arranging a single scull race.

WALLACE ROSS still continues to row for the single scull championship on paper.

THE Troy base ball nine hire an amateur third base man from Chicago for 1882.

LATCHKEY, James Gordon Bennett's steeple-chaser, has been sent back to England.

HANLAN will again cross the Atlantic to lower the colors of another English champion.

FRANK HART should win the Ennis race with Krohne and Howard fighting for places.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE intend to challenge Harvard University to row an eight oared race.

THERE are quite a number of athletes of Columbia College training for the University eight.

MESSRS. VAN SINDERN, Montgomery and Eldridge, will not row in Columbia's crew next season.

TOM KELLY, the pugilist who fought Jack Rooke in England, now keeps a sporting house in St. Louis.

EVAN MORRIS, the ex-champion oarsman, has given up rowing and now keeps a sporting house at Pittsburg.

M. R. WELSH, of Cincinnati, Ohio, offers to swim W. A. Hughes of Porthopolis any distance for any sum he may name.

BASE ball players receive large salaries. Kede will get \$1,500 in Troy next year, Ewing \$1,400 and Ferguson \$1,800.

JOHN BROWN (alias the Chatham Caulker), an old prizefighter, died at Limehouse, Eng., recently. He was ninety years old.

KEEN and Prince are to ride a bicycle race and the latter writes that he will bet \$200 he will beat the champion of England.

THE Americans will have a grand time at Paris in January when Siosson beats Vignaux. Cut this out and speculate on it.

THE French government has decided to make instruction on billiard playing a part of the system of the government schools.

PIERRE LORILLARD's stable won \$133,470.50 during the past racing season. In England he won \$90,705.50, in America, \$42,765.

LADY ROLF and So-So ought to make a great team. So-So has a record of 2:17-4, and Lady Rolf has shown a half mile in 1:05-2.

DICK ROCHE, Jack Schaefer's backer, is off for Paris on Jan. 3. By the way, what about the Vignaux and Schaefer billiard match?

A COMBINED effort is being made by sportsmen in Massachusetts to increase the feathered game in the western part of the state.

THE Chicago Driving Park Association have decided on June 24th to July 4th for its running meeting, and July 18th to 22d for trotting.

SEVEN thousand dollars were refused for the trotter, Tom Brown, recently. He died soon afterward. Could he have been too "dear" to live?

IF the famous flyer, the Vanduara, comes across the water next summer she will clean out any or all American yachts that will contest her.

THE bail for Holden and White, the imprisoned pugilists, has been reduced to \$300. When released they will give exhibitions through the country.

THE one mile walking match last Dec. 22 at the Polo grounds, between T. A. Armstrong of this city, and Wm. A. Hongland was a disgraceful affair.

JOE CLARK, the boxer of Bedford, Eng., has challenged Jack Jaques alias the Rattler, to fight according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, for \$100.

THE betting on the Sullivan and Ryan fight is \$100 on Sullivan. The odds should be on Ryan, and they will be before the day fixed for the battle arrives.

ARTICLES of agreement were recently drawn up at Newcastle on Tyne, England, by Robert Watson Boyd and his backers for a race with Hanlan next April for \$100.

THE spring meeting of the Kentucky Association at Lexington will commence Saturday, May 6th, and end on Friday, May 12. Six stakes are open, to close January 1st.

BOYD, the English oarsman, continues to row on the Tyne. He has made great improvement, and the canny Tyneiders believe he can just row fast enough to beat Hanlan.

JAMES ALBERT, who at one time was looked upon as the coming long-distance pedestrian, has retired from pedestrianism to embark in the saloon business in Philadelphia.

THE American turfmen intend to invade England en masse. The Dwyer Brothers sail on Jan. 3 and rumor says Luke Blackburn, Onondaga, Hindoo, Francesca will follow.

NOW the pedestrian mania rages book-makers whose occupation ended with the close of the racing season will have a chance of making a rich harvest by the short prices they will lay.

ON Jan. 2, at the American Institute, there will be a grand athletic tournament, afternoon and evening, comprising running, boxing, wrestling, club swinging, walking, and bicycle riding.

THE St. Louis Jockey Club will give \$12,000 in purses and added money to stakes at its spring and

summer meetings in 1882. The meeting will commence on June 3 and continue nine days.

THE time fixed for the closing of entries for the \$10,000 purse for double teams offered by Col. W. P. Balch, and to be trotted at Beacon Park on Wednesday, June 14, is on Saturday, April 1, 1882.

THE London Sporting Life is becoming quite popular in this country. It publishes all the latest news, and like the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, it is an independent neutral sporting journal.

CUDIHEE, who styles himself the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of Colorado, is in town. He put up \$50 to wrestle John McMahon a few nights ago, but he failed to go on with the match.

DUNCAN C. ROSS continues to win wrestling matches like breaking sticks out West. It must, however, be understood that he keeps aloof from Whistler, Muldoon and Bibby and selects his opponents whom he contends against.

PADDY RYAN, the champion pugilist, with Joe Connick, Johnny Roche and Charley McDonald have left for New Orleans. On the champion's arrival at the Crescent City he will go at once into training for his battle with Sullivan.

PADDY RYAN, the pugilist, in his early days, urged the sluggish mule on the towpath side of the Erie. So here is another example of the humble canal driver who has risen to eminence, another illustration of the possibilities of American youth.

JOHN HUGHES, a blacksmith, who stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds, is the last sensation in prize ring circles in this city. His forearm measures 17 1/2 inches, and he is a clever boxer and tremendous hitter and ready to meet all comers.

UP to and including Nov. 25, Fred. Archer, the English jockey, had won 218 mounts out of a total of 528. C. Wood was second on the list, with 153 out of 539, and Tom Cannon third, with 75 out of 254. But one day more remained to close the racing season of 1881.

WHY is it that in these days the pedigrees are so much more numerous than the performers. Has it not been ever thus? This is true of the trotter and true of the runner. Does this mean that the pedigree must be abandoned? Yes, in so far as there's nothing in it.

JACOB PINCUS says: "when a race horse is asked or compelled to carry his speed beyond the pace which suits him he weakens and fails." He says he prefers form to winning blood, and that the staying qualities must be bred in a horse, for speed will not make stamina.

BRYAN CAMPBELL, the noted pugilist of Leadville, Col., who recently posted \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE, with a challenge to fight Charley Norton at 128 pounds, has withdrawn his money. Norton refuses to fight Campbell for some unexplained reason. Campbell says he will now retire from the ring.

AT Fort Shaw, Montana, Fred Anderson and George Rickoff recently fought for a purse. The principals both belong to the Fort. Anderson is a Swede and Rickoff a German. Nearly all the residents of the Fort witnessed the mill. Seven rounds were well contested, when Anderson was declared the winner.

OF the jockeys who rode in American races last season, J. McLaughlin had the most mounts, 185, winning 59; Wm. Donohue follows with 174, 36 victories; Costello 157 mounts, 53 victories; Urall, 132 mounts, 25 victories; Stovall 115 mounts, 42 victories; Haggerty 116 mounts, 17 victories. Costello's performance is the best.

IN New York horsemen are discussing whether Eastman's team, Edward and Dick Swiveller, trotted recently in 2:19 1/2, beating the record of Vanderbilt's team, W. H. and Lyander Boy, which was 2:20. It is claimed by the representatives of each party that no regular appointed judges witnessed either performance.

ON Dec. 22, at Woodside, L. I., Harry Jennings' brindle and white dog Samuel J. Tilden, and Joseph Bruno's brindle dog Jack, fought at 28 1/2 pounds, for \$200. The dogs fought two hours before there was a turn, then Samuel J. Tilden failed to come to the scratch and Jack was declared the winner. Jennings' dog died soon after the battle.

MIKE CLEARY, the champion pugilist of Pennsylvania, who keeps a sporting house in Philadelphia, is eager to fight Mike Donovan four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, and agrees to, pay Donovan \$50 if he will meet him. Donovan is teaching a large class of boxers and claims he cannot spare time to engage in any such contest at present.

WHEN Prince, the English bicycle rider, came to this city he was asked if he could beat John Keen, the English champion. "Why, certainly," said he, "I could always beat him but he won the races. But I was paid the money, you know." "How was that?" "Well," said Prince, "he had to be styled champion, to keep up his trade, for he builds bicycles."

THE official umpires of the Base Ball League for 1882 are John Kelly, Dick Pearce, Dick Higham, Joseph Dunnigan, W. Barnie and John Dailey, of New York and Brooklyn; Charles Maddock, Cleveland; James Quinn, Boston; W. Howes, Lowell; Wm. McLean, Philadelphia; Charles Briddy, Troy, and James Nixon and Charles Cross, of Providence.

EDWARD MCGILINCHY, one of the cleverest sparrers in America says, if Professor Clark is as anxious now as he was some time ago to spar him he will give Mr. Clark \$100 to visit Bridgeport, Conn., and spar him six rounds at his benefit, which will take place early in January; or, if he (McGlinchy) is guaranteed \$100, he will go to Philadelphia and arrange a match.

GEORGE H. SMITH, of Pittsburg, Penn., who some time ago, won the great Sheffield handicap in England, has posted a forfeit for a match with L. E. Myers, the champion amateur, to run any distance from 75 to 150 yards, at any place the latter will name, the prize to be a medal or cup, but the match to be conditional on Myers' friends betting Smith \$1,000 on the result.

JACK KING, of Troy, N. Y., now residing at Cleveland, Ohio, continues to boast that he is eager to fight George Fullames, the Canadian champion pugilist, but he fails to send on a forfeit to prove he means business. We hold a forfeit posted by Fullames and if King does not cover it by Jan. 1, 1882, we shall return the Canadian champion his money and the sporting public will then believe King is only a boaster.

RECENTLY Prof. Wm. C. McLellan, who a brief period ago met with a surprise at the hands of George Rooke, threw down the gauntlet to Captain Dalton to fight with gloves for \$1,000. In reply Dalton says he came East to fight either Mike Donovan, George Rooke or McLellan but he would prefer fighting winners and

would therefore make a match with George Rooke to fight in the same ring as Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan for \$500 or \$1,000.

THE wrestling match between Michael Donahoe, the sturdy blacksmith, of this city, and Morris T. Tracey, the light-weight champion of New England, was decided on the 21st ult. at Clarendon Hall. The conditions were collar-and-elbow best two in three falls, collar-and-elbow. POLICE GAZETTE rules for \$200 a side and the light-weight champions in. The match created no little interest and was won by Donahoe after a desperate struggle which lasted 3h. 50m.

THE proposed prize fight in San Francisco, Cal., between Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia, and Pete Lawler (Dublin Pete) ended in a fizzle. Lawler again refused to fight, and for the third time showed the white feather. Patsey Hogan, Keenan's backer, says: "I will give \$100 any time to match Keenan against Lawler with the small gloves, Queensbury rules; or, if Lawler is willing, a \$400 purse can be raised on three days' notice." When Lawler says in print that he is anxious to box, he denies what he said to Keenan and myself."

DR. F. W. CARVER is making a fortune winning pigeon shooting matches in England. Thornton, of Yorkshire, recently challenged Carver and the following is the latter's reply to the def: "I am prepared to arrange a match at 100 birds, 11 yards rise, use of one barrel, 1 1/4-oz. of shot, the gun to be held according to gun club rules, for \$200 or more, up to \$1,000 a side. To find birds and traps for each other from one trap. Or I will shoot Mr. Thornton a match at 100 birds, 30 yards rise gun club rules, and lay him \$1,000 to \$700. The Sporting Life to be stakeholder and appoint a referee."

LESTER L. BURTON, the noted collar-and-elbow wrestler of Eaton Rapids, Michigan, was recently at Jackson, when he published the following in the "Patriot," "I came to Jackson in answer to John Cudihee's challenge, and offered to wrestle him according to the rules of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, for \$250, or any amount he wished, and he has taken center. Now I will wrestle him at any time or place for \$250 to \$1,000 per side in either Chicago, Detroit, Grand Rapids, or Jackson, within four weeks from date of signing articles. I have deposited with Mr. W. S. Chandler one hundred dollars as for fee for him to cover. I mean business. LESTER L. BURTON."

PADDY RYAN's colors, the champion pugilist of the world. Parties wishing the champion's colors will please forward \$10 for the large size and \$7 for the small. The colors are a beautiful specimen of hand painting on the finest twilled silk, large size 36 x 38 inches, small size 24 x 24, and are pronounced by connoisseurs to be the most artistic and handsomest combination of colors and designs ever adopted by any pugilist. The colors will be used by Paddy Ryan in his great battle with Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, and are suitable for framing. Can only be had at the POLICE GAZETTE office, 83 William street, New York. Only a limited number will be issued.

J. J. MCCABE, the noted sporting man of this city, called at this office on Dec. 27 and posted a forfeit of \$25 with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Hearing that John H. Taylor claims the title of light-weight collar-and-elbow champion of America, I, James J. McCabe, of 463 Third ave., do hereby deposit \$25 in the hands of Richard K. Fox, Esq., proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, in behalf of Morris T. Tracey, formerly of Boston, to wrestle the said J. H. Taylor, of N. H., for \$200 and the light-weight championship belt of America, best two in three square back falls, POLICE GAZETTE rules to govern.

J. J. MCCABE.

IN rowing races nowadays equality of pace is of all things most desired. Hanlan can, we know, set his boat going at an enormous rate, owing to his ability to sprint whenever necessary. Ross can do the same, but if either were set to row against the watch for four miles or so there would be no sprinting during the journey. Hanlan, we have reason to know, would lay himself out to go at one steady stroke for the whole of the distance. By that means he would be enabled to keep his boat going almost as well at the finish as at the commencement. There is no reason to suppose Ross would adopt different tactics. Rowing men first came to cut one another down because of the wretched old laws of boat-racing, which gave a man who got in front first every obtainable advantage.

THE professional oarsmen are still at loggerheads. Ross in a letter to the St. Johns Globe states that he will row Hanlan for \$1,000 a side on the Kennebecasis in June and allow him \$500 for expenses; or on Lake Maranacook for the same amount with no allowance; or he will take \$500 for expenses, and row on Toronto Bay. Hanlan says, however, that he will not have any Kennebecasis in his; he does not think well of Maranacook and desires time to make up his mind about the Toronto proposal. Again, Ross proposes a sweepstake of \$200 to be rowed in England in April between Hanlan, Trickett, Boyd and himself. Hanlan accepts this plan but wishes to increase the sum to \$400. Trickett and Boyd have yet to be heard from. Trickett has been very anxious to meet Hanlan but prefers to have the race in this country.

WE have received the following business-like communication from Johnny Reilly, the pugilist:

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir: Having been informed that Edward McGlinchy, of Bridgeport, Conn., is eager and ready to meet me in the arena with hard gloves for a purse, please chronicle in the sporting department of your valuable paper that I am prepared to arrange a match with the Bridgeport champion, and will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match any time he may name. The conditions to fight at catch weights according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring with hard gloves. Hoping that McGlinchy will attend promptly to this matter, I remain, yours, etc.,

JOHN REILLY.

Reilly has not fought in the ring since he met Jack King, of Troy.

THE Daily Globe of Boston says: "Wm. E. Harding of New York, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and judge for Gus Hill in the club swinging match with Chas. Hoey of Natick, Mass., is a recognized authority in pugilistic matters, and says in regard to the Sullivan-Ryan fight that Ryan is in fine condition and will leave New York for New Orleans Jan. 15. Opinion is divided in New York, Harding says, as to who will win the fight. Although he has never seen Sullivan fight in the ring, he has seen him spar on several occasions. He says Sullivan is a tremendous hitter but it is a question if he can stand punishment from a first-class heavy-weight. He has never met a pugilist who could hurt him and hence has not been tried in this respect. Another point is, can his hands stand the hardship of a long fight? Ryan has had experience in the ring, can stand punish-

ment and his hands are toughened. Another important point to be taken into consideration, said Harding, is that Ryan is several inches taller than Sullivan, has longer reach, is just as scientific and will weigh fully 12 pounds more than Sullivan on the day of the battle. Under these circumstances he thinks Sullivan is heavily handicapped. Harding says the fight will take place on Feb. 7 near New Orleans, but the exact spot will not be known until the day of the fight. He is certain, he says, that the authorities will not interfere. Harding exhibited Ryan's colors, a large, white silk twilled handkerchief, with a blue star-spangled globe in the centre surmounted by a spread eagle with the inscription, 'Paddy Ryan, Champion of America.' The corners of the handkerchief are adorned with the coat of arms of New York State, the harp of Erin, an American harp and another emblem."

THE base ball clubs in the League will, in 1882, present the nines of their respective clubs in uniform consisting of the following specified colors:

	Shirt.	Trousers.	Belt.	Caps.
Catcher	Scarlet	White	Scarlet	White
Pitcher	Light blue	White	Light blue	White
1st Base	Scarlet and white	White	Scarlet & white	White
2d Base	Orange and black	White	Orange & black	White
3d Base	Blue and white	White	Blue & white	White
S. S.	Maroon	White	Maroon	White
R. F.	Gray	White	Gray	White
C. F.	Red and black	White	Red and black	White
L. F.	White	White	White	White
Sub	Green	White	Green	White
Sub	Brown	White	Brown	White

The colors of the stockings to be as follows: Boston, red; Chicago, white; Detroit, old gold; Troy, green; Buffalo, gray; Cleveland, navy blue; Providence, light blue; Worcester, brown.

REGARDING the great prize fight between Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of the world, and John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, the New York Daily News says: At New Orleans or within 100 miles of the Crescent City next February John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan will meet in the arena to test their courage, science and stamina as pugilists. The battle will be for the large stake of \$5,000 and the title of heavy-weight champion of the world. Considerable interest is already manifested over the affair and, strange to say, Sullivan is a heavy favorite and nearly two-thirds of the sporting men have him booked for a sure winner. It must be understood that favorites do not always win and Sullivan's chances do not appear at all rosy. It must be allowed that "Strong Boy" Sullivan, as he is styled by the disciples of the prize ring, has wonderful strength and tremendous hitting power, but he has never fought a prize fight, which is one point against him. He is four inches less in stature than Ryan, does not possess the same length of reach and on the day of the battle he will have to give the champion about 12 pounds and a beating, for Ryan will weigh 190 pounds, while Sullivan will enter the ring weighing about 177 pounds. Ryan has fought in the ring. He met one of the most scientific and pluckiest pugilists who ever fought for the championship of England and defeated him. Ryan's battle with Joe Goss proved that his hands were battering rams and that he could stand punishment. It also demonstrated that he was thoroughly game and to use the vernacular, a capital two-handed "in-and-out" fighter. Ryan has all these advantages in his favor. While we do not question Sullivan's pluck it must be borne in mind that he has not yet met even a second-class pugilist with the bare knuckles and no one can tell whether his hands can stand the heavy work they will have to undergo, and no one can tell whether he can stand the terrible punishing blows that Ryan will deliver. Fighting with pillows on the hands and contending with nature's weapons unadorned are two different things. Ryan has been through the mill; Sullivan has not and if the latter can defeat Ryan with everything in the champion's favor then he is a wonder. We expect the battle will be a surprise and judging by the hundreds of Uncle Sam's treasury notes that are now being wagered at \$100 to \$80 on Sullivan some one will meet a heavy "facer" in February, 1882. John L. Sullivan, in company with his trainer, Billy Madden, and Pete McCoy and Bob Farrell, two clever middle and light-weight sparrers, are at New Orleans, where Sullivan is training for his fight with Ryan. Ryan's stakes, \$2,500, are being furnished by the POLICE GAZETTE and Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of that journal, is willing to wager \$2,500 more that Ryan will win. Mr. Joseph Elliott of the New York Herald we believe to be one of the best if not the best authority on pugilistic matters in America. We have had the pleasure of meeting him at nearly every battle during our twenty years' experience among the "fancy" and we believe he has witnessed more battles than any other sporting man in America. "Uncle Joe," as he is styled by the "boys," attended the mammoth exhibition New York tendered to Ryan, the champion. In the Herald of Dec. 22 he says in regard to the wind-up between the champion and Charley McDonald: "The boxers gave three rounds in grand style, Ryan showing great improvement in both offensive and defensive fighting since his last appearance at an exhibition. McDonald is an expert and not easily got at, but Ryan showed his friends by the rapidity of his hitting and fine stopping that he is fully capable of meeting Sullivan and with as good a chance of beating him as any man in the world would have. The majority of those who saw him last night left the building impressed with the belief that he will prove the victor in the coming fight." It will be seen that the sporting editor of the Herald thoroughly understands what constitutes a pugilist and he will not be carried away like many who boast that Sullivan will easily defeat Ryan when they have nothing but boxing matches to base their opinion on. When the POLICE GAZETTE matched Ryan to fight it was a well made match and a good thing for Ryan, but judging by the form he displayed on Dec. 21 we look upon his chances of winning as certain and we plump him as a sure winner. The reports circulating in New Orleans that the POLICE GAZETTE will try to stop and prevent the fight from taking place is both and we supposed Billy Madden, Sullivan's trainer, had more sense than to circulate such silly reports. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is furnishing the stakes for Ryan, instead of being afraid of losing the \$2,500, will give Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, \$1,000 to give Ryan when he enters the ring to wager that he (Ryan) will win. All the POLICE GAZETTE wants for Ryan is a fair field, no favor and an honest referee. If Sullivan can defeat Ryan he will receive all the credit due him. Our 20,000 patrons of the POLICE GAZETTE in New Orleans may rest assured of witnessing one of the greatest battles ever fought since Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000 in 1849. Ryan is now on his way to New Orleans and Louisiana sporting men when they greet the champion will find him a gentleman and one of the pluckiest pugilists that ever entered the prize ring. We speak from experience, and on Ryan's actions and his trainer's arrival in the South his actions and demeanor will prove our statement. Sullivan with his trainer, Billy Madden, are at New Orleans and Sullivan, it is said, is in splendid condition.

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SPORTING.

TRENTON, N. J.—1. Yes. 2. The price is one dollar.

SUBSCRIBER ALBANY, N. Y.—George Rooke never weighed 255 lbs.

H. F. K., Warsaw, Ind.—A. and C. lose by not following suit. B. and D. win.

E. M., Rochester, N. Y.—We have not a record of the tonnage and measurement.

D. E. S., Washington, D. C.—The book will be forwarded you on receipt of \$1.50.

M. B., Hartford, Wis.—Send on \$10 and we will furnish you with boxing gloves and rules.

M. M. P., Baltimore, Md.—You will have to hunt the files in the city in which you reside.

A. MILLEN, Fort Maginise, Montana.—Send \$100 forfeit and your challenge will be published.

D. W., New Haven, Conn.—Prof. S. S. Bagley is teaching boxing at Tom Earley's at Boston.

H. W., Toronto.—1. Wallace Ross won \$3,000 in the Seokong regatta; \$500 in England. 2. No.

J. S., Indianapolis.—Yes; send 35 cents and the "Champions of the Prize Ring" will be forwarded you.

J. K., Stockton, Cal.—Johnny Keating, the pugilist who fought Dick Hollywood, is residing at Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. C., Boston, Mass.—1. George F. Slosson is an American. 2. He was born in De Kalb, N. Y., March 5, 1854.

J. P., Windsor Hotel, N. Y.—1. Hahn. 2. Chas. E. Courtney was never the champion oarsman of America.

P. P., New York City.—Bill Poole was shot at Stanwix Hall, Broadway, N. Y., on Feb. 24, 1855. 2. He died March 15, 1855.

D. W., Staten Island.—1. We can furnish you a book, send on \$1.25. 2. Yes. 3. We do not know the price of Sullivan's colors.

W. C., Lowell, Mass.—The rules of the prize ring are published in the "Life of Jim Mace" for sale at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

F. C., Akron, Ohio.—Send for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring" to this office. It will give you all the battles of Sullivan and Hyer.

W. S., San Jose, Cal.—1. Ned O'Baldwin never fought Jim Mace in this country. 2. The rival pugilists met in a ring at Collier Station but could not agree upon a referee.

W. F. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The New York Fire Department for discipline, system and promptness in making ready and hastening to a conflagration has no equal in the world.

H. W., Kansas City.—Paddy Ryan will enter the ring in first-class condition. 2. Ryan, in our opinion, will fight better than when he whipped Joe Goss and then he did well. 3. See sporting department.

N. B.—All parties who desire to be supplied with sporting rules, books and sporting goods should send on postoffice money orders or postage stamps with their orders. By this rule they will save time and trouble.

L. W., Leavenworth.—1. The last battle between Jim Mace and Tom King was won by the latter. 2. King won first blood in the first round and first knockdown in the 13th round. 3. King weighed 182 pounds Mace 176 pounds.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, was born at St. Johns, Newfoundland, Aug. 15, 1847. 2. Charlie Gallagher, of Cleveland, Ohio did whip Tom Allen. 3. At Carroll Island, St. Louis, Feb. 23, 1880. Only two rounds were fought in three minutes, when Gallagher knocked Allen out of time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Buy to notify the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York that they will find at No. 30 East Fourteenth Street, a full assortment of Seal and Otter Sacques and Dolmans, Fur lined garments in Squirrel, Ermine, etc. Capes, Muffs, Gaiters, Children's Furs, Coachmans' Capes and Fur trimmings in all its varieties, which for workmanship and finish are unsurpassed in the city.

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AMUSEMENTS.

A Happy New Year. The Greatest Variety, Boxing and Athletic Show in New York will take place at Owney Geoghegan's "Old House, at Home," 105 Bowery, on "New Year's Day"—Afternoon and Evening—Monday, Jan. 2. Don't you forget it! New Year's is kept up this evening at Owney Geoghegan's.

That he will give Two Great Performances—A Matinee and Evening Performance—in his three large Halls, in which he has a roped and staked 24-foot ring erected on each floor. The Show will commence at 2 P. M. Owney Geoghegan will offer Silver Cups and prizes for Boxing, Wrestling, Clog and Reel Dancing, etc. Funny Cooke and Tommy of Birmingham, England, the Light-Weight Champions of England, who fought a great draw battle, are engaged to appear at the "Old House, at Home" and Box night for one year. Y. ung Jim "Hammer" Lane, Brother to the once renowned Hammer Lane, who fought Yankee Sullivan and Bob Travers, son of the once renowned Bob Travers, who fought J. M. Mace, will also appear.

Johnny Walker, Son of the once famous Johnny Walker, the Middle-Weight Champion of England, who fought Bill Hayes 6 hours and 15 minutes, will appear in a grand glove fight. Batt Mullins, the Middle-Weight Champion of England, and T. Wilson, will make their appearance on New Year's Day. Jack Callan, the Noted Vermont Wrestler, will be present and wrestle any man in New York, Collar and elbow, for \$25, \$50 or \$100. Jim Rawlins, Jim Murray, George Taylor, and other noted Champions will appear, making the greatest show ever witnessed.

The Three Large Halls will seat One Thousand and One Hundred Spectators. Since the great battle between Jack Langran and Tom Spring, in England, there has never been such a Large Boxing Hall, or a place where Glove Fights have been fought, as those now created at the "Old House at Home." The three 24-foot rings are far-simile to those in the Old Four Courts, in England, where Old Humphries and Mendoza fought years ago. Owney Geoghegan's hall is the largest boxing rooms in the world. Pictures that cannot be counted hang from the walls, representing the history of the pugilistic and wrestling world. On one side of the hall hangs the picture of the once great Yankee Sullivan, opposite is Tom Hyer, who fought and whipped Sullivan in 1840, in a match for \$10,000 on the other side is the only oil painting in the world of Jack Randall and Harry Hill's Resort is the rendezvous of the prize ring. The only picture in the world of Charley Lynch, who killed Andy Kelly at the Palisades, hangs among the thousand sporting pictures at the "Old House at Home." Owney Geoghegan will be director of amusements. Admission will be FREE to both the Matinee and Evening Performances.

McGlory's Variety and Dancing Hall, 158 and 160 Hester St., near Bowery, is open every night. It is one of the liveliest resorts in Gotham to witness a night's fun and the admission is free. The large hall has been thoroughly refitted and now presents one of the finest Dancing and variety halls in New York. Great attractions are offered every night. There is a dancing space of five thousand feet. Every night Gaetano Di Militia Grand Orchestra furnishes the music and every Sunday night there is the Great Jewish Ball.

Geoghegan's New Summer Garden, Free of Charge, No. 105 Bowery. Sparring and Wrestling every evening. All Wines, Liquors and Segars. Admission Free. The Old House at Home, 105 Bowery, New York City. The largest Hall in America to let for sporting exhibitions, wrestling matches, etc. It is well ventilated and the best and only hall in the world that has a twenty-four foot ring with ropes and stakes. The hall will seat seven hundred persons. Parties desiring to engage the hall will apply to Owney Geoghegan, Proprietor.

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The Old Wooden Roker, corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, Johnny Bohanna, Proprietor. Don't fail to call at the new and elegantly fitted-up simple room which is the Sportingman's retreat. Remember the Old Wooden Roker is at the corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue. Greenwood cars pass the door. The best Wines, Liquors, and Segars furnished at regular market prices.

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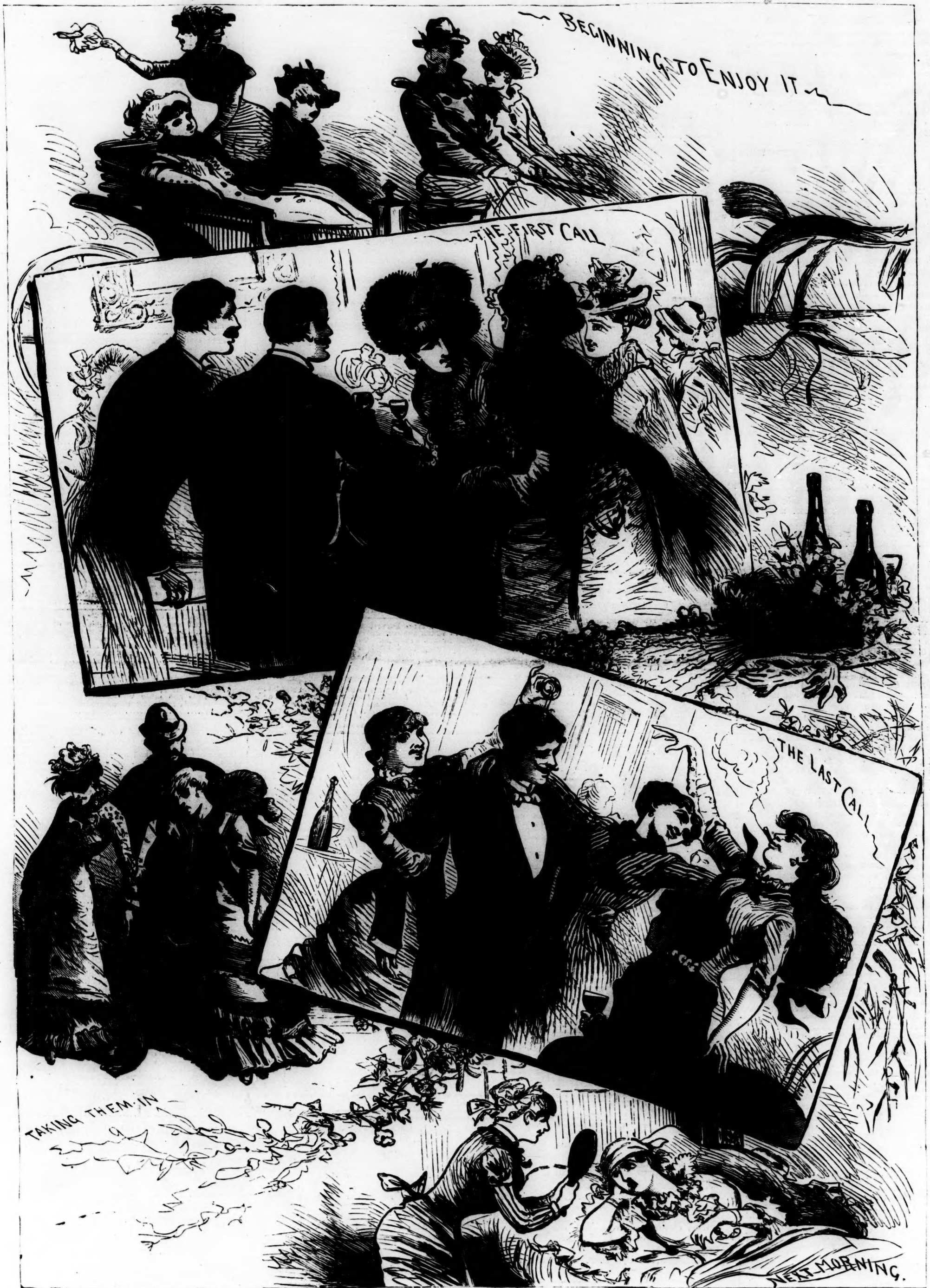
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